

THE MONTH

A Catholic Magazine and Review.

FEBRUARY, 1885.

CONTENTS.

1. THE THIRD PLENARY COUNCIL OF BALTIMORE . . . 153
2. THE "SATURDAY REVIEW" ON THE CHINESE RITES . . . 169
3. PÈRE LABONDE, S.J. *By A. M. Clarke* . . . 177
4. THE INFLUENCE OF POSITIVE MORALITY ON LAW. *By W. C. Maude* . . . 197
5. THE REQUIEM OF THE DEEP. *By Morwenna P. Hawker* . . . 203
6. CHAPTERS ON THEOLOGY. *By the Editor* . . . 205
 - I. Primeval Innocence.
7. A MODERN CATHOLIC POET. *By Charles Nicholson* . . . 219
8. THE POUND OF FLESH. *By Henry Wilson* . . . 230
9. THE LADY OF RAVEN'S COMBE. *By E. H. Dering* . . . 237
 - Chapters III. IV.

REVIEWS 271

1. The Wish to Believe. *By Wilfrid Ward.* 2. Life of Right Rev. John N. Neumann, D.D., C.S.S.R. 3. The Life of Madame de Bonnault d'Houet. Translated by Lady Herbert. 4. *Traité de Droit Naturel Théorique et Appliqué.* Par Tancrede Rothe. 5. Hymns and Verses. *By Lady Catherine Petre.* 6. History of the Catholic Church. *By Dr. Heinrich Brueck.* Translated by Rev. E. Puente. 7. The Faith of Catholics. 8. Life of St. Clare of Montefalco. Translated by Rev. J. A. Locke, O.S.A. 9. Reasons why we should believe in God, Love God, and Obey God. *By Peter H. Burnett.*

LITERARY RECORD 297

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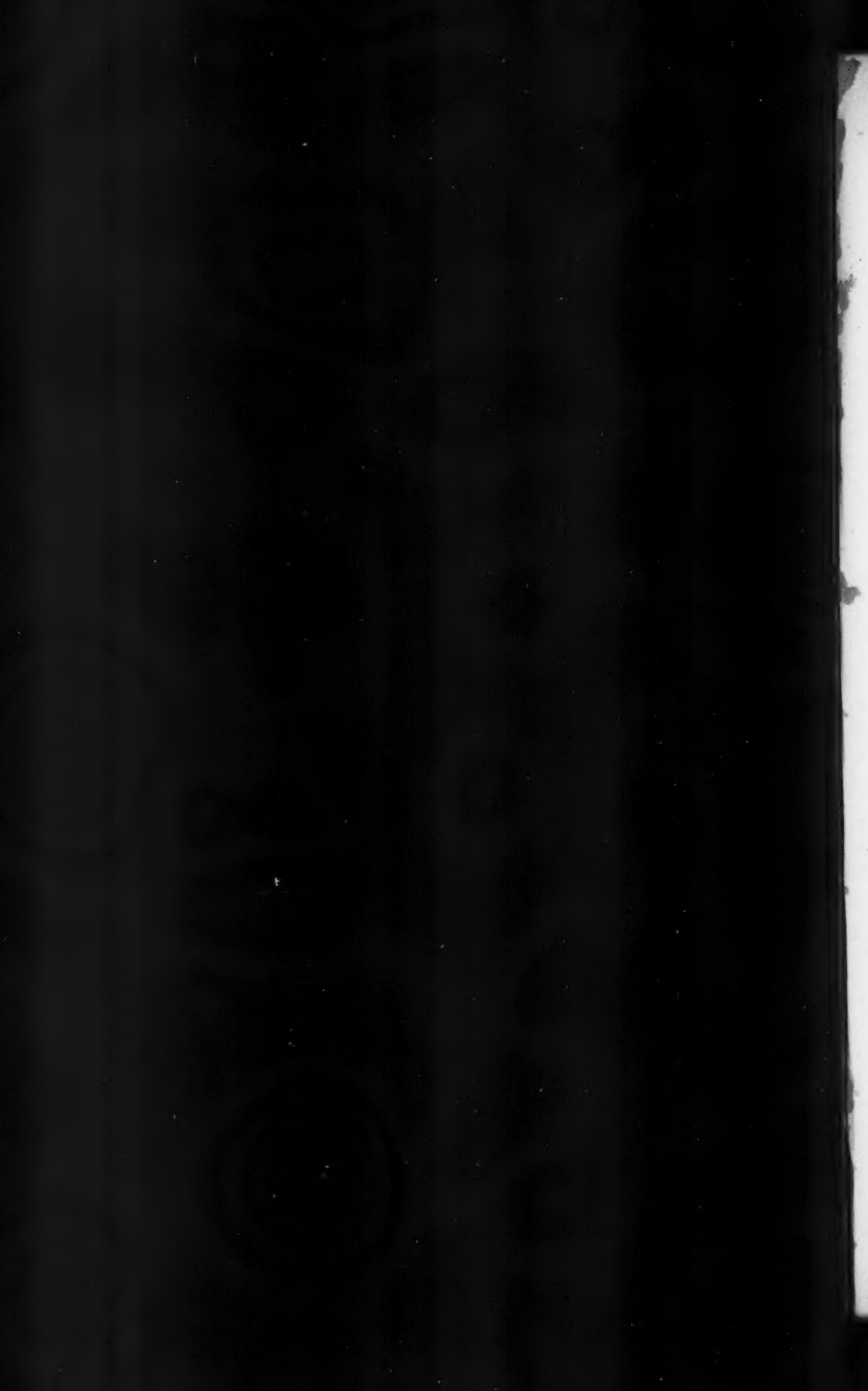
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The Third Plenary Council of Baltimore.

THE Third Plenary Council of Baltimore is an event of incalculable importance not to America alone, but to the whole world. It is no mere local synod, gathered for the strengthening of ecclesiastical discipline alone, or the healing of dissensions, or the condemnation of some contumacious stirrer up of strife, or the promulgation of the Church's laws where they had not been promulgated hitherto. "It marks a new starting-point," says the *New York Catholic Review*, "in the history of Western Christianity." In the subjects with which it deals and the consequences which seem likely to result from it, it resembles rather one of the Councils of old which gathered its members from all the ends of the earth, than a modern assembly limited to a single country, and dealing directly with the interests of that country alone. We say directly, because its indirect and mediate influence will spread far beyond the United States of America. We shall soon appreciate on the other side of the Atlantic the important results of its various sessions. The echo of its decrees will penetrate wherever the English language is spoken. The Catholic Church throughout the world will be affected, as years flow on, by the new life and vigour that the Church of America seems destined to receive from it.

It cannot be denied that the hopes of Catholicity are at the present time dependent to a great extent on the Church in America. Already she reckons among her members far more Irish Catholics than are to be found in Ireland herself. Already the Church of the Greater Ireland beyond the sea is developing itself in a way that has been impossible in the poor struggling land, impoverished and long persecuted, which lies hard by the shores of Britain. Already, in spite of a thousand disadvantages, in spite of poverty, in spite of social inferiority, in spite of the lack of priests, in spite of scarcity of churches, in spite of an indirect persecution in matters of education, which is in some respects a greater danger than an open attempt to stamp out

all Catholic schools, in spite of all these and many other obstacles to her progress, the Catholic Church holds a position which every other form of religion in America envies, respects, and admires. The recent entrance of Archbishop Ryan into Philadelphia was a magnificent triumphal procession, far more splendid than any that is wont to be rendered to royalty in the most loyal countries in Europe. The shops were decorated, the streets filled with enthusiastic crowds, addresses were read, and the whole city turned out, as on a gala day, to welcome their new Prelate. If America is ever to have a religion, common consent allows that that religion will be the religion of the Catholic Church.

To all our readers, then, European as well as American, the Council of Baltimore must be a matter of intense interest. Few Englishmen and still fewer Irishmen can have failed to observe, if they have kept their eyes open to what goes on around them, how England and Ireland are becoming more and more dependent on America. The connection is a very different one in Ireland and in England. In Ireland the tie is the affection of kin for kin, the thought of the dear ones who have carried their country in their heart across the sea, the hope of moral support and assistance from that part of their nation which enjoys more prosperous times and greater liberty; it is a tie so close that, spite of the thousand and more of intervening leagues, there is scarce a family in Ireland which cannot reckon another branch, still one in aspiration and heart with them, away in the far west, or the manufacturing centres of America, and which does not already count America as in some sense their own adopted country, because it is there that dwell the dear ones they have lost. The intimate dependence of Ireland on America none can deny or doubt. Every Catholic paper in America devotes a large portion of its space to Irish news and Irish affairs, and such details are given of all that happens in the "auld country" that one is inclined to ask whether it is possible that such a paper as the *New York Tablet* or the *New York Freeman's Journal* can possibly have been published nearly three thousand miles away from Ireland's shores.

But England's dependence on America is no less real, though of a very different kind. The ties of blood are almost forgotten, the emigration is not sufficient to bind the two countries together, and moreover an Englishman does not, like the Celt, carry his country with him. But there are other ways,

belonging to the material order, in which England leans upon the Great Republic. America is for England a granary and a fruit garden, a farm and stock-yard. She is, moreover, the teacher of England in many mechanical inventions, and of late has given her in this respect far more than she has borrowed. In spite of the high wages paid to American workmen, America can undersell the English market in clocks and watches. In every sort of handy mechanism, whether it be in door-springs, or lemon-squeezers, or egg-boilers, or corkscrews, or musical boxes, American inventions altogether surpass the designs of English workmen. All over London, shops of American novelties are springing up thick and fast. American hotels are being built in various quarters of the city. American magazines at least hold their own against their English rivals in England itself. The *Detroit Free Press* may be had at any railway book-stall, and among the popular novels of the last few years, American novels are more and more conspicuous. It would not be difficult to find ample materials for a Paper on the American invasion of England: it is a peaceful invasion, thank God, and one which we have reason in many respects to welcome, though at the same time it has its serious dangers, and this increasing dependency of England on the United States is by no means an unmixed good.

We must return, from what seems like a digression, to the Council of Baltimore. It is not really a digression, for it brings out the importance of the Council to the interests of English Catholics. If England is to be Americanized, we hope and trust that the Americanization will be a Catholic Americanization. This depends on the growth of American Catholicity; and as to promote this was the main object of the Council, the Council affords to all English-speaking Catholics an object of the most intense interest.

But first of all we must say a little about a subject which we have spoken of more than once in THE MONTH, but on which we have now an utterance, before which our own conjectures or calculations sink into insignificance. Among the sermons preached during the Council is one by the staunch and zealous supporter of Catholic schools and Catholic education, Dr. McQuaid, Bishop of Rochester. The subject is the growth of the Catholic Church in the United States, and the venerable prelate speaks with an authority which none can question. We cannot attempt to give the sermon in full, but

we will give a short summary and one or two extracts of the most important passages.¹

Dr. McQuaid groups his account of Church work around three periods :

1. He takes the condition of the Catholic Church one hundred years ago, in 1784. At that time there were not twenty-five thousand Catholics in the whole of the States. In Maryland they were calculated at about sixteen thousand souls, in Pennsylvania at seven thousand, and in all the rest of America at some fifteen hundred more. There was no Bishop, school, asylum, hospital, or religious community, in the whole of America.

In 1790 Bishop Carroll was consecrated Bishop of Baltimore, and from that time the growth of the American Church began, slowly at first and in obscurity, without attracting the notice of the world outside, until in 1829 was held the First Provincial Council of Baltimore. Six prelates met there, and their work consisted mainly in providing churches (often mere log cabins), and schools for the Catholic education of the children.

2. But now began a steady immigration from Europe, and chiefly from Ireland. Large churches began to spring up, religious communities to be established, and the Catholic Church to attract general attention, and when the Second Plenary Council was held at Baltimore, in 1834, to carry on the work of development began in 1829, the spirit of intolerance had already broken out, and the Protestant Press had begun to abuse and misrepresent the Catholic faith with the most fanatical bigotry. The burning of the convent of the Ursuline Nuns at Charlestown by the citizens of Boston town and neighbourhood was the beginning of a long series of outrages, riots, and murders, which lasted for thirty years. To violent means were added the basest arts of proselytism; men and women were induced to give up their religion for gold, and children were decoyed to Protestant schools. What proportion of the Catholic population fell away it is almost impossible to estimate. In 1834 the total number of Catholics was estimated at half a million. There doubtless have been terrible losses. Let us hear what Dr. McQuaid has to say on this lamentable subject :

But the main cause of defections must be looked for in the years from 1784 to 1834, and be attributed to the scarcity of priests and

¹ The sermon is printed in full in the *New York Catholic Review* of Dec. 13, 1884.

churches. Bishop England, of Charleston, in a letter to the Society of the Propagation of the Faith in France, estimated these losses at three millions and a half at the time of his writing, in 1839. He gives, however, no trustworthy data on which to base such a conclusion, and I cannot but consider it as greatly exaggerated. Yet, it must be confessed that the number of those that lost the faith, or that, having no means of hearing the Word of God and of receiving the helping graces of the sacraments, lapsed into indifference, is startlingly great. Even when parents never apostatized, their children succumbed to the influence of their surroundings, and learned to despise and deny the belief and practices of their parents' religion through the adverse and malignant pressure of companionship and daily intercourse with revilers of Catholic doctrines. Social seductions and fashions overmastered the young and led them captive. When mixed marriages in such conditions of society intervened to increase the danger, the children had no hope and were invariably lost. Without Catholic lessons at home, with neither Church nor priest to teach and support them, they fell an easy prey to the vigilant and zealous labours of the enemies of the Catholic Church.

But in spite of all these obstacles the Church was making progress. The French emigrant priests, driven out by the Revolution of 1789, were most devoted men, who did a great work. Little by little new sees were erected, and Colleges and Seminaries sprang up here and there. In 1834 the American Church had one Archbishop, eleven bishops, two hundred and fifty priests, for the half million of Catholics. Then, as now, the great want was parochial schools. Scarce a dozen were to be found within the length and breadth of the States. This told with fatal effect on the younger generation, and the wonder is, not that in so many the faith died out, but that the loss was not ten times greater.

3. But from 1834 begins the real development of the American Church. The tide of immigration began to set in strongly. Poverty, famine, and revolution, forced thousands and tens of thousands across the Atlantic. God brings good out of evil, and the miseries of Ireland have been of incalculable benefit to the Church in America. It was no longer the Church of a mere insignificant handful of quiet, obscure, unobtrusive religionists, who only asked to be left alone to serve God after their own fashion, but it began to be recognized as a power in the land, and one which was ever increasing in numbers and influence. Fanaticism recognized in truth a dangerous enemy. From 1844 to 1864, anti-Catholic riots, stirred up by interested poli-

ticians and rancorous bigots, became frequent. Philadelphia was the scene of the most notorious of these disgraceful demonstrations of ignorant prejudice and unreasonable hatred of the Church.

But in 1864 came the war, and with the war came peace to the Church. As in England the Crimean War was of incalculable service to religion, and has left in the English army an ineffaceable tradition of respect for Catholic priests and the Catholic Church, so in America the Church of God shone out in her glory in that time of need and of trial. The leading generals could not fail to be struck by the contrast between the Catholic and the Protestant military chaplains. The devotion of the Catholic nuns and Sisters of Charity won the hearts of all. The poor soldiers, Protestant as well as Catholic, found that in the hour of need the hireling fleeth because he is an hireling, while the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep. With the American War the days of insult and open persecution of the Church happily were at an end.

Not that the Church has ever ceased to be a struggling Church. It is in America, more perhaps than anywhere else, the Church of the poor. In a nation so enterprising as the American the essential conservatism of the Church has roused the impatient intolerance of those who did not understand how true progress is her special prerogative. Above all, the lack of Catholic schools was a drawback to religion which would have been fatal had it not been for the deeply rooted faith of the Catholic immigrants and the noble efforts of the American pastors to supply the crying want. But in spite of these and many other disadvantages, the little flock has become a noble army. The enthusiastic devotion of the Irish for their faith has mingled with the calm and thoughtful steadfastness of the German Catholics and the combining forces have wrought the glorious results which to-day we witness. These results we will give in the Bishop's own words:

A Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church, the Most Eminent and illustrious Archbishop of New York; an Apostolic Delegate, the Most Reverend and illustrious Metropolitan of this see of Baltimore; thirteen other archbishops, and coadjutor-archbishops, and sixty-one bishops and vicars-apostolic rule over God's Church in this Republic; 6,835 priests, under the leadership of these successors of the Apostles, in 7,763 churches and chapels, feed their flocks with the bread of life and devotedly care for their souls. In 708 seminaries, colleges, and acad-

mies, the higher education of clerics and of the youth of both sexes is carried forward by learned professors and accomplished nuns. Many thousands of Brothers and Sisters, of all the teaching orders and communities, assist these priests and perform a part that, without their services, would be left undone. Our orphans, the aged, the abandoned, are sheltered in 294 asylums, and our sick are nursed in 139 hospitals. The crowning glory of the Church's work, however, is derived from her success in providing, not for the exceptional members of her household, the few who are bereaved, sick, and helpless, but for the many who constitute her army of able, active, and self-maintaining members. For the children of the Catholic community, for the offspring of the parents who build churches, asylums, and hospitals, she has within these fifty years built and she now sustains 2,532 Christian schools, in which secular learning is imparted without sacrificing instruction in the belief and observances which the Lord commanded His Apostles and their successors to teach to the end of time. During the year 1883, 481,834 pupils frequented these Christian schools, built, fostered lovingly, and supported for the people's children without aid from the State.

The Directory estimates the Catholic population at 6,623,126. It is easy to see that these figures are not based on correct information. The editor fulfils his task in accurately counting up the numbers sent to him. But estimates of population, year after year the same, in rapidly growing dioceses, must be at fault, for they are clearly wide of the mark. An estimate that would place our Catholic population at eight millions, would, in my judgment, not be far from the truth. A few years hence, with priests in abundance, having parishes restricted within territorial limits, so that a pastor may be able to know his parishioners, and when baptisms, marriages, and deaths are faithfully recorded and reported, it may be possible to reckon our numbers without guessing.

Dr. McQuaid then proceeds to show how these statistics do not give any adequate idea of the work of the last fifty years, or of the sacrifices made alike by priests or people. He points with just pride to the Cathedral of New York, built directly by the pence of the people, and unequalled by any church of the present century in Europe, to the seminary buildings in many a diocese, and the convents, monasteries, and charitable institutions innumerable. To these he appeals as giving hope of a glorious future for the Church of America, but he draws our attention specially to two grounds of hope, more important, perhaps, than all the rest.

After meeting the objection sometimes urged against religion in America, that a large proportion of the priests are foreign born, by pointing out that where thousands and tens of thousands of immigrants are flowing into a country, they must

necessarily bring their priests with them, he adds a few words which will rejoice the heart of every Catholic who reads them :

In our young Republic vocations abound. Our preparatory and theological seminaries are filled with promising aspirants to the work of the sanctuary : our convents are thronged with holy virgins bringing to the service of religion whatever of bodily strength, intellectual capacity, and devotion of soul they have to offer and that can be used. Our schools would be empty buildings but for the armies of teaching Brothers and Sisters who fill so well the office of instructors. Here, too, is evidence of faith and stability.

Here is one element of promise. The other is the wonderful development of Catholic schools in the teeth of the enormous material advantages possessed by the secular State schools, against which they have to contend. It was not without an effort that Catholics resigned themselves to the present state of things. They demanded again and again that a portion of their own money paid to the State might be paid back to the Catholic schools. But all in vain. "Unkindly, rudely, contemptuously, their reasonable request was spurned." Hence they resolved to undertake the task of education themselves, hoping that hereafter a spirit of increasing fairness may right the present injustice.

Without further argument or dispute, but, nevertheless, grieving and groaning under the wrong put upon us by process of law and the vote of the majority, Catholics gathered their children into their own schools, that therein they might breathe a Catholic atmosphere while acquiring secular knowledge. Without these schools, in a few generations our magnificent cathedrals and churches would remain as samples of monumental folly—of the un wisdom of a capitalist who consumes his fortune year by year without putting it out at interest or allowing it to increase. The Church has lost more in the past from the want of Catholic schools than from any other cause named by me this evening. The 2,500 schools, with a half million of scholars, which now bless our country, tell Catholics and non-Catholics that the question of religious education is settled so far as we are concerned. The good work so well advanced will not halt until all over the land the children of the Church are sheltered under her protecting care. The establishment of these schools and their improvement in management and instruction is our surest guarantee of future growth and fixedness.

All this is the picture drawn by one who has every reason to speak with authority. It will be found to coincide in its main features with the opinions put forward in *THE MONTH* as the results of our own observation of the condition of the Church in

America. It comes in a word to this, that in spite of a thousand difficulties, the Catholic Church in America has a glorious future.

But we must now turn to the Council itself. Its sessions were strictly private, and until its decrees have received the sanction of Rome, and are promulgated by her authority, we can but speak in general of the work done by the Council and of the subjects which were discussed. The Pastoral Letter addressed by the assembled prelates to the faithful throughout America gives us the key-note to the results of their labours, and though we shall venture on no rash conjectures, we are able to give our readers a summary of what cannot fail to be of interest to the whole Christian world.

First and foremost among the questions of vital importance to the American Church is the question of Education, the education of priests, and the education of the laity. No one can watch the course of history without seeing that the condition of the Church in any country is to be measured by the condition of the clergy: where the clergy are holy, learned, zealous, there religion is sure to flourish, where the clergy are ill-trained, ignorant, immoral, there religion is sure to fade away from the hearts of the people. Hence, of all the topics treated of in the Church, the education of the clergy is the one which takes the place of honour. In this respect America has had singular disadvantages. The stream of emigrants from Europe comprised but few priests among their number. God indeed provided in His mercy a number of devoted men, who left their own country in the true missionary spirit, impelled by the love of the poor souls craving in the cities of the New World for the Bread of Life, and by a longing to be numbered among the few labourers in that plenteous harvest. But they were not sufficient for the work, and difficult, nay, heartbreaking was the task of many an American Bishop who vainly sought for pastors in the field committed to his care.

But the very tradition of an immigrant clergy stopped the development of vocations at home. Seminaries cannot be founded and provided with the necessary funds, still more with the necessary staff, in six months or a year. Only little by little were seminaries built and endowed, and even now there is in the outlying dioceses of Western America a lamentable deficiency of training schools for the clergy. When, moreover, seminaries were founded and courses of study set on foot, the urgent want of more labourers made it a necessity to contract as far as

possible the time of study, and though this lack of priests is becoming less and less, and the studies proportionately advancing in almost every diocese of America, yet the assembled Prelates were keenly conscious of the work still to be done, and in their Pastoral Letter reckoned among their first cares the "provision of a more perfect education for aspirants to the holy Priesthood." Wisely, indeed, do they affirm that it is the duty of the priest, not merely to say Mass, administer the sacraments, and instruct the faithful in their holy religion, but "to defend them when necessary from every form of error." In order that he may be able to do this—

It is obvious that the priest should have a wide acquaintance with every department of learning that has a bearing on religious truth. Hence, in our age, when so many misleading theories are put forth on every side: when every department of natural truth and fact is actively explored for objections against revealed religion: it is evident how enlarged and thorough should be the knowledge of the minister of the Divine Word, that he may be able to show forth worthily the beauty, the superiority, the necessity of the Christian religion, and to prove that there is nothing in all that God has made, to contradict anything that God has taught.

In this connection we must speak of the scheme of a Catholic University, which has long been the fond day-dream of all lovers of Catholicity in the States—a day-dream which now, thank God, is about to pass into a waking reality. *Οὐκ ὄναρ ἀλλ' ὑπαρ ἐστι.* It is now no dream, but a waking vision. That for which Bishop Spalding of Peoria has so long struggled and prayed and longed—that which will in the Providence of God give the Church in America a position which in the natural order of things it could scarcely have attained without it—that which will bind together into cultured unity the now scattered learning, religious and secular, of the Catholics of that great continent—is at length, in God's mercy, about to be carried into effect. God, who in His own good time provides the means for carrying out His work, has provided a good foundation for the future Catholic University of America: a generous benefactress has given the sum of 300,000 dollars (£60,000) as a beginning of the work to be done. Americans are noted all over the world for their generosity, and never was generosity more well-timed than this. Unless we are mistaken in our estimate of the character of the nation, Miss Caldwell's example will not long be without imitators.

Magnificent as the gift is, it will go but a little way towards the foundation and endowment of a national Catholic University. But the funds will not be wanting, and in point of fact, such an institution must necessarily be the result of gradual growth. If it is to be permanent, it must not attempt anything like a completeness of range in its early days. All great Universities have grown up gradually from small beginnings. Oxford was the result of gradual development extending over several centuries. Cambridge, Paris, Bologna, Louvain, all were like the tree which is at first but a tiny plant. As Bishop Spalding suggested in his able sermon preached on this subject before the Council, the central germ is to be a school of theology and philosophy, and these to gather round them the sister sciences, which will at the same time minister to them and flourish under their control. Yet for any commencement worthy of the Catholics of America a large sum will be required. The splendid Seminary buildings at Overbrook have already cost double the sum given as the foundation of the Catholic University, and for their completion and endowment it is calculated that another million is needed.

But we do not anticipate any serious difficulty on this score: the perils of the Catholic University are not likely to be material perils. We imagine that the real danger will be a want of sufficient eagerness after cultivation and of inclination for prolonged study on the part of the Catholic laity. It would be a misfortune if the University were to consist almost entirely of aspirants to the priesthood. It is to be an University, not a Seminary, and moreover it is to be an *Universitas scientiarum*, and the physical sciences, though most necessary for the higher education of the clergy, will scarcely flourish in the new University unless a large number of lay students frequent it. Besides this, University life implies, if it is to deserve the name, a coming into contact with characters the most opposite, and men of every sort and description, and an intercourse with cultivated literary men and scientists and men of special knowledge, and a collision with methods of thought and ways of feeling utterly opposed to our own, whereby our angles may be rubbed off and our "idols of the den" abolished, and our pet prejudices dissipated. But all this has been so often dwelt upon that it is unnecessary to repeat it again. We hope we may in some future number of THE MONTH recur to the Catholic University, and give our

readers some further information respecting it. At present we will only add that the site of the University has been fixed in the neighbourhood of New York.

The higher education of the clergy naturally leads us on to another question of no less vital importance to the future of the American Church—the Christian education of the people. The former affects the central organ of the Christian life of a nation. It is equally impossible to have a healthy man with a heart weak in its action or affected with disease, and to have a country in a healthy religious condition if the clergy are ignorant or corrupt. But the sound heart avails little if the blood which permeates every part of the body lacks some of the elements necessary for it to do its work. The learning and piety of the clergy cannot do much if godless education is spread among the people at large. Hence the Christian education of the Catholics of America occupied a large portion of the attention of the Council, and holds a prominent place in the Pastoral Letter of the Prelates.

The tendency of the present day is not so much to produce learned men, as to popularize knowledge and spread over the widest possible surface a certain modicum of intellectual training and general information. Under pretence of elevating the masses, there is offered to all—nay, rather, forced upon all—that “little learning” which is, not an evil, but a dangerous thing. Unfortunately a little knowledge serves the sceptic with ready means to attack religion. The modicum afforded in State schools is quite sufficient to enable the half-educated mind—with its one-sided training and lack of the central truths which would furnish it with an instinct for a love of truth—to appreciate the sneer of the infidel and the shallow objection which is easily made, but not by any means so easily answered. It is therefore indispensable to religion that Catholic children should be provided with that safeguard against the miasma around them, and this a Catholic training alone can give. When once the youthful intelligence has assimilated the principles of faith, and learned to appreciate the perfect harmony that exists among the varied facts and principles that a Catholic education imparts, and basked in the light of truth which pours a congenial brightness and warmth even on the most unformed and untrained mind, when that instinctive longing for truth which belongs to all men in virtue of their rational nature has felt and enjoyed the pleasure which results from the satisfaction of its lawful cravings, there is not

much danger to be apprehended from the shallow infidel and noisy sceptic, unless indeed deliberate sin or pride has bribed the young mind to prefer error to conscious truth. We have one advantage over our adversaries, that in men of good will there is a natural shrinking from error, and when this is strengthened and supported by sound knowledge, the young warrior is safe against the insolent and insidious foe. Good will by itself is not sufficient in these days of mental activity, intellect and heart must combine if scepticism is to make no inroads on our young Catholics. "In days like ours" (we are quoting the words of the Pastoral Letter), "when error is so pretentious and aggressive, every one needs to be as fully armed as possible with sound knowledge, not only the clergy, but the people also, that they may be able to withstand the noxious influences of popularized irreligion. Hence the necessity of Catholic schools in every parish, and schools which will be equal or superior to the State schools in their own subjects." "We repudiate the idea," say the prelates of the Council, "that the Catholic school need be in any respect inferior to any other school whatsoever." They protest against the false and pernicious idea that religion is not good for the practical business of real life, or that a religious atmosphere is disadvantageous to the imparting of secular knowledge. "A life is not dwarfed, but ennobled, by being lived in the presence of God." Nay, true intellectual perfection can never be attained if the essential element of religion be thrust into the background or ignored. Accordingly they declare (1) that no parish is complete until it has schools adequate to the wants of its children, and (2) that it is the duty of Catholics not to relax their efforts until their schools are elevated to the highest educational influence.

The Christian school naturally introduces the subject of the Christian home. We have no space to discuss in detail the weighty matters treated by the Council: such as the indissolubility of marriage, which threatens to be a thing of the past in the paganized society of the present day, the obligation of a good example on the part of Catholic parents, and the duty, where it is possible, of family morning and night prayers, the duty of pious reading to keep up the flame of devotion, and especially of the reading of the Holy Scriptures in simplicity and faith. But we must cite a few words of the Pastoral on a subject on which we lately dwelt in the pages of *THE MONTH*, and the importance of which is intensely appreciated by the

Fathers of the Council. Under the head of good reading, a solemn warning is given to Christian parents against the pernicious story-paper and dime-novel, which ruin so many of the boys and girls of America.

Not only should the immoral, the vulgar, the sensational novel, the indecently illustrated newspaper, and the publications tending to weaken faith in the religion and the Church of Jesus Christ, be absolutely excluded from every Christian home, but the dangerously exciting and morbidly emotional, whatever, in a word, is calculated to impair or lower the tone of faith and morals in the youthful mind and heart, should be carefully banished. Parents would be sure to warn and withhold their children from anything that would poison or sicken their bodies; let them be at least as watchful against intellectual and moral poison. But let the family book-shelves be well supplied with what is both pleasant and wholesome. Happily, the store of Catholic literature, as well as works which, though not written by Catholics nor treating of religion, are pure, instructive, and elevating, is now so large that there can be no excuse for running risk or wasting one's time with what is inferior, tainted, or suspicious. Remember, Christian parents, that the development of the youthful character is intimately connected with the development of the taste for reading. To books, as well as to associations, may be applied the wise saying: "Show me your company and I will tell you what you are." See, then, that none but good books and newspapers, as well as none but good companions, be admitted to your homes.

But the duty is not merely a negative one. The duty of supporting Catholic and healthy literature is strongly urged on all the faithful. Without such support it is impossible for Catholic newspapers and magazines to come to the front in literary excellence among the publications of the day. They languish from inanition.

If the head of each Catholic family will recognize it as his privilege and his duty to contribute towards supporting the Catholic press, by subscribing for one or more Catholic periodicals, and keeping himself well acquainted with the information they impart, then the Catholic press will be sure to attain to its rightful development and to accomplish its destined mission.

We hope these words will encourage the ever-increasing number of Catholic writers and readers, and will give a lasting impulse to the periodical literature of Catholic America.

We are compelled from lack of space to pass over with a mere enumeration the other subjects dealt with by the assembled prelates. The pastoral rights of the clergy, their status in

relation to the Bishops, their permanency of tenure, the ecclesiastical tribunals to which they are subject, necessarily are passed over in the letter of the prelates, addressed as it is to the faithful generally, with only a partial notice. Yet it is an essential element of the organization of the Church, and as such it occupied a large portion of the attention of the assembled Fathers. From their decrees on most subjects we may hope for new life and increased vigour, and a more firm stability in the Church throughout the States.

To the welfare of the Catholics of America, containing as they do among their numbers tens of thousands of workmen employed in the large cities in factories, ironworks, stockyards, and employed as artisans and common labourers, temperance is a matter on which the future of their children, as well as the salvation of their own souls, to a great extent depends. There is, it is true, less drunkenness in America than in England, and it is mostly prevalent among lately arrived immigrants. Women, too, do not get drunk as they do in England, and are never seen at the liquor stores. But nevertheless the evil is a frightful one, and we are not surprised to hear the prelates urging on their flocks the Temperance Societies which are doing so great a work among Catholics, and warning them especially against the vice of Saturday evening and Sunday drinking, with its double evil of intemperance and almost certain neglect of the Church's laws.

At the present time Secret Societies necessarily call for a word of solemn warning, and in their place membership in some Catholic Society is warmly recommended. Secret Societies are as fruitful a source of evil in America as they are on this side of the Atlantic, and we will conclude with a few words of the clear and definite teaching of the Council respecting them.

When associations veil themselves in secrecy and darkness, the presumption is against them, and it rests with them to prove that there is nothing evil in them.

But if any society's obligation be such as to bind its members to secrecy, even when rightly questioned by competent authority, then such a society puts itself outside the limits of approval; and no one can be a member of it and at the same time be admitted to the sacraments of the Catholic Church. The same is true of any organization that binds its members to a promise of blind obedience—to accept in advance and to obey whatsoever orders, lawful or unlawful, that may emanate from its chief authorities; because such a promise is contrary

both to reason and conscience. And if a society works or plots, either openly or in secret, against the Church, or against lawful authorities, then to be a member of it is to be excluded from the membership of the Catholic Church.

We have now said enough to give our readers some idea of the work done by the Council of Baltimore. We repeat that it will mark a new era in the history of the American Church. It will not indeed prove an immediate panacea for prevailing evils or abuses, but there is no evil which it will not diminish and aid altogether to root out. It will not at once bring in an ideal condition of affairs in the great continent for which it legislates, but we believe that few Councils not strictly ecumenical either in ancient or modern days will have a wider or more permanent effect in promoting the spread of religion throughout the entire world.

The "Saturday Review" on the Chinese Rites.

THE *Saturday Review* of December 13, 1884, contains an article entitled "The Story of the Chinese Rites," in which a number of old charges against the Society of Jesus—charges that have been often repeated and as often refuted—are set forth as if they were unchallenged historical facts. Probably most readers of the article would accept them as such, if only on account of the calm, confident way in which the writer tells his story.

We have no intention of replying to this article by discussing all the points that it raises. The subject of the article is mainly the legation of De Tournon, and it would not be easy to reply in detail to all the charges made in connection with this episode in the Chinese controversy without writing a whole treatise. We shall therefore examine the competence of the witnesses on whose testimony the charges made by the *Saturday Reviewer* rest, and we shall then be content to refer him, and such of his readers as see these pages, to authorities that have dealt with the same questions and arrived at very different conclusions. We must, however, say something in distinct refutation of one of the Reviewer's charges—the foul calumny against Father Schall, or, as he calls him, Scholl.

The writer begins by an attempt to connect the Chinese Controversy with the recent modification of the Goanese Jurisdiction in India by the Pope. This feeble pretence that he is writing with a view to current events might well have been omitted. He simply wishes to write something damaging against the Society of Jesus, and there are probably enough readers of the *Saturday Review* who relish such attacks at any time. He might, therefore, have begun without preface. He then proceeds to enlarge upon the importance of what he has to say. His story, he observes, "might indeed appear almost incredible were it not too abundantly authenticated by contemporary evidence." This is precisely what it is not. We shall presently see what is the value of the evidence on which

this precious "story" rests. He adds that the story is "obscure, because the Jesuits betrayed their consciousness of the discreditable nature of the transaction by doing their best to obliterate all traces of it." And he goes on :

The Lazarist *Memoirs of the Congregation of the Mission*, which were carefully collated by the late Father Theiner, with other authorities, in the Vatican Library, they managed to get suppressed by an injunction of the late Pope ; but a copy of the volume containing this narrative happens fortunately to have been preserved at Munich in a private library, besides a complete set in the Benedictine library there, which last, however, students are not allowed to consult. The story may also be found in the Lazarist *Anecdotes of the State of Religion in China*, and the *Memoirs of Cardinal Tournon*—the Papal Legate with whom the Jesuits came into such scandalous conflict—compiled by Cardinal Passionei.

These, then, are the authorities used by the writer in the *Saturday Review*. The mention of the "private library at Munich" is probably a pretty fair indication of the set to which he belongs. Now first as to his calm assumption that the Jesuits obtained the suppression of the *Memoirs of the Congregation of the Mission* because they were conscious of the discreditable nature of the transactions referred to, and anxious to suppress all evidence. Even granting that the Jesuits were the chief cause of the *Memoirs* being suppressed, is it necessary to assume that they were actuated by such motives? The *Memoirs*, or rather the five volumes of them which referred to these questions, contained nothing new ; but they did contain old calumnies already in print, and to be found in half the libraries of Europe, and some of them in the very works mentioned by this writer in the lines we have just quoted. To suppress the *Memoirs* could not possibly make the story told by the enemies of the Society more than a hundred years ago, and repeated again and again up to our own time, obscure, or inaccessible to collectors of such scandal. But the suppression of the *Memoirs* gave the Society the satisfaction of seeing that at least these calumnies would not be put in circulation anew, under the assumed authority of a religious body, which deservedly stands high in the estimation of the Catholic world for its missionary labours at home and abroad. We say under the assumed authority of this body, for on the suppression of the *Memoirs* the Superior General of the Lazarist Congregation addressed a circular letter to all Superiors of houses, in which

he declared that the volumes in question (vols. iv.—viii. of the *Memoirs*) had been written and published without having been examined by him, and in the interests of a quarrel (*sine meo prævio examine eadem volumina jurgii causa conscripta et edita fuerunt*), and he proceeded to order local Superiors to send him any of the volumes that happened to be in their possession, with a view to their destruction.¹

But so far as the documents they contained are concerned, the suppression of the *Memoirs* has not made the slightest difference with regard to this question. Even if the few remaining copies of the *Memoirs* (including the copy at Munich) had disappeared with the rest of the edition, these documents would still be quite accessible to any one who took the trouble to look for them. The *Memoirs*, in fact, were really, so far as the question of the rites is concerned, a reproduction of the *Memoirs of Cardinal Tournon*, and these *Memoirs of Cardinal Tournon* are in turn in great part a reproduction of the *Anecdotes on the State of Religion in China*. In fact, the three authorities named by the writer in the *Saturday Review*, are really only one. It is hard to suppose that he is not aware of this himself, though probably very few of his readers are. We must say a word on each of these books.

The *Anecdotes sur l'état de la Religion dans la Chine*, of which the first volume appeared in 1733, were not, as the writer in the *Saturday Review* seems to think, the work of a Lazarist, but of the Jansenist Villermaules, sometimes known as the Abbé de Villers.² The Jansenist author, writing with a view to damage his Jesuit adversaries as much as possible, tells the story of De Tournon's legation much as it is told in the *Saturday Review*. The author of the *Mémoires de la Congrégation de la Mission*³ says of the *Anecdotes*: "Après confrontation faite de cette ouvrage avec les documents originaux ou authentiques, nous devons avouer que la vérité des faits y est renfermée en substance, seulement le style en a été tant soit peu altéré dans les traductions par l'acrimonie que l'on y a ajoutée et qui pro-

¹ *Stimmen aus Maria-Laach*, September, 1872, p. 281. The writer in the *Stimmen* states that the *Memoirs* were not published through the booksellers in the ordinary way, but privately circulated and given only "to those who could be trusted" by the compilers.

² See *Biog. Universelle*, s.v. Villermaules, and Barbier, *Dictionnaire des anonymes*. Villermaules was not a Lazarist. It is therefore not correct to speak of his work as "the Lazarist *Anecdotes of the State of Religion in China*."

³ Tom. iv. p. 126.

venait tout naturellement de l'indignation provoquée par les faits racontés." Thus even this hostile writer admits that the Jansenist author of the *Anecdotes* did not faithfully translate the documents on which he based his work. This, however, is only half the truth. The documents in question are at Paris in the Bibliothèque Nationale, to which Villermaules left them, and a comparison between these papers and his published work shows that he continually tampered with his materials, and especially that he omitted whatever was favourable to his adversaries.

The *Memorie Storiche del Cardinale di Tournon* were published at Venice in 1761-62. They reproduced in Italian the attacks on the Society of Jesus already made by the Jansenist Villermaules in the *Anecdotes*. They appeared at a time when half the presses of Europe were pouring out attacks against the Jesuits, when French and Portuguese money was being freely spent in diffusing calumnies of all kinds against them, and Voltairians and Jansenists were leagued in a literary campaign against the Society. What part Cardinal Passionei had in their preparation is not at all clear. He died on July 5, 1761, and it may be that his well known hostility to the Jesuits alone won him the doubtful honour of having his name thus attached to an Italian reproduction of a Jansenist publication. How far Passionei's hostility to the Jesuits went can be judged by what D'Alembert says of him. He writes thus a few years after Passionei's death :

I am assured that the late Cardinal Passionei carried his hatred of the Jesuits to such a point, as not to admit into his fine and extensive library a single writer of the Society. I am sorry for the library and for its master. The one has lost many good books, the other, though he was in all else, as I am assured, so philosophical, certainly was not so on this point.⁴

So much for the editor, or alleged editor of De Tournon's *Memoirs*. As for the book itself, George Pray, the Hungarian historian, whose authority is second to none on these questions, has shown⁵ that the *Memoirs* were in no sense De Tournon's

⁴ *Sur la destruction des Jésuites en France*, 1765, p. 38.

⁵ In his *Geschichte der Streitigkeiten über die chinesischen-Gebräuche*, vol. ii. c. iv. His shorter work on the same subject—*Hist. controversiarum de Ritibus Sinicis*, Buda-Pesth, 1733—is in the British Museum. Pray was an ex-Jesuit, but of his German history of the Chinese controversy Döllinger says that it is the best and most complete (*vorzüglichste und vollständigste*) work on the subject (*Fortsetzung von Hortig's Handbuch der Kirchengeschichte*, ii. 2, 391). This testimony to the merit of Pray's work will perhaps satisfy a writer who draws his inspiration from Munich.

work. The author of them simply used De Tournon's letters and other documents just as Villermaules had used, or mis-used, his materials in composing the *Anecdotes*. These are the works from which the *Mémoires de la Congrégation de la Mission* reproduced old charges against the Jesuits.

That these works were written in a party spirit is clear from what we have already stated. We can show by one single example how little they cared for truth when the reputation of a Jesuit was in question. The example we select is the charge against Adam Schall. The *Saturday Review*, following the *Mémoires de la Congrégation* (which in their turn followed the *Mémoire Storie* of Passionei and the *Anecdotes* of Villermaules), says :

To what extent the scandal had advanced in spite of several adverse decisions of Rome, before Clement the Eleventh was at last constrained to interfere, may be judged from the circumstance that one Jesuit, Father Scholl (*sic*) had quietly married and retired from ministerial work to the enjoyment of a handsome fortune, bestowed on him by the Chinese Emperor, which however the Society after his death managed to reclaim from his children.

Now we waive the obvious objection that even if the story of Schall's marriage were true, it has nothing whatever to do with the alleged scandal of the Chinese rites, and could not be any index of how far the Jesuits had gone in that matter. The writer with whom we are dealing tells it, as his predecessors told it, merely because it is a damaging story. Fortunately we can show that it is not true. We say fortunately, because in fact a charge like this brought against a man who died two hundred years ago is not generally easy to refute. As a rule, one must simply ask on what evidence it rests, without being able to bring any rebutting testimony. If a writer were to assert that St. Paul in his last years quietly married and settled down in Rome, one could only ask him for his proofs and deny the fact till it was proved, absurd as the statement would be. This charge against Adam Schall, however, is very easy to dispose of. First there is no evidence for it, and secondly there is very good evidence against it. Adam Schall died at Peking in 1666, after having been thrown into prison with the other Jesuits of Peking (Verbiest, Buglio, Magalhaens), in the persecution which broke out against the Christians during the minority of the Emperor Khang-hi (1664—1668). Schall was more than seventy years of age, and had spent nearly fifty years in the

missions of China. Now on September 4, 1665—that is, very shortly before Schall's death—a Dominican Father, who had long laboured at Pekin, Ferdinand Navarette, and who on many points held views opposed to those of the Jesuits, had occasion to write to the General of the Society at Rome, and in this letter he bears testimony, not only to the learning and zeal, but also to the great virtues of the Jesuit missionaries in China. These missionaries were a mere handful. Would Navarette have written thus if the ablest man among them "had quietly married and retired from ministerial work"? In his subsequent writings Navarette clearly refers to this letter,⁶ and says nothing to qualify the high praise he therein gave to the Jesuits. Up to 1665, then, Schall had not fallen. His assailants must place his fall, his marriage, his retirement with his family, in the few months of life that remained to him, when Schall was a broken-down old man, imprisoned and condemned to death for the Christian name. It is hard to speak with any patience of this most disgraceful calumny, a calumny first broached long years after the death of its victim, by Norbert, Villermaules, and other such-like unscrupulous writers, and repeated in the *Memoirs*, which the writer in the *Saturday Review* would have us take as an authority for his statements against the Society. This calumny against Adam Schall is a good test of the worth of the *Memoirs* and the works on which they were based.

As for the story of the Chinese rites, which the *Saturday Review* has set forth again in full reliance on these very doubtful authorities, we shall merely refer to the replies which have been made again and again to the charges against the Society that this writer simply repeats. We have already referred to Pray's two works, and given Döllinger's opinion of one of them for the sake of those who mistrust whatever a Jesuit, or an ex-Jesuit writes. The charges made in the *Anecdotes* were fairly met by P. de Goville (who had formerly been Superior of the Jesuits at Canton) in the *Lettres Édifiantes*, xxiie. et xxxiiie, *Recueils* (1736—38), and by P. du Halde in his Preface to *Recueil* xxii. The whole question of the rites (including De Tournon's legation) is discussed in the well-known *Réponse au livre intitulé, Extraits des Assertions*,⁷ and there is a briefer popular discussion

⁶ The text of the letter will be found in Pray, *Geschichte der chines-Gebräuche*, i. 195, and *Hist. Controv. de Ritiis Sin.*, p. 52, where he proves the authenticity of the letter.

⁷ Tom. iii. pp. 108, etc. 1765.

of the matter in Cahour's reply to Quinet.⁸ We might add twenty more references, but these are sufficient to show that another statement of the case, and one supported by documentary evidence, has long been before the public.

On many points in the history of De Tournon's legation, we have only the statements of the Jesuits on the one hand, and their most bitter enemies on the other, and these statements are often simply contradictions. Which is to be believed is a question of probabilities, and a question that each one will answer according to the opinion he has formed of the Jesuits from other sources. But clearly it is unfair to take *ex parte* statements which the Jesuits deny, and which rest only on the assertions of their enemies, as in themselves convincing evidence of Jesuit bad faith. This is to confound the accusation with the proof. The unfairness becomes still more manifest when it is added that those very enemies of the Society who make these charges have clearly been proved guilty of falsehood on other points (such as the case of Schall), where independent testimony happens to be available.

As to the Jesuit appeal against De Tournon's decrees, they were not the first nor the only missionaries who appealed.⁹ The first appeal came from the Bishop of Ascalon, who was not a Jesuit. To represent the Jesuits as anxious only to maintain a profitable position at Court, is simply to reject the plainest facts. They owed their position at Court, not to their practice with regard to the rites, but to the mathematical skill of the Jesuits who were selected for the mission at Pekin. They valued it chiefly for the opportunity it gave them for helping and protecting the Christians and the missionaries generally, and for the hope it gave of a rapid spread of Christianity in China, as no doubt St. Paul valued his relations with the first Christian converts of Cæsar's household. It is true that so long as the decrees on the rites were conditional or suspended by appeal to Rome, they did not execute them, and it is true that they made every exertion to secure a decree in the sense of the practice which not only they, but bishops and missionaries of other orders had for long years considered to be not only advantageous for the progress of religion in China, but also perfectly lawful

⁸ *Des Jésuites par un Jésuite*, 2e partie. Paris, 1844.

⁹ De Tournon himself admits this. In his letter to Cardinal Paulucci, dated Macao, October 27, 1707, he says that the Jesuits had already accepted his decree, when the appeal of the Bishop of Ascalon made them withdraw their acceptance (*Mémoires de la Congrégation de la Mission*, iv. p. 472).

and free from blame. If they made a mistake, they were not alone in it. But this is clear, their opinions being what they were, they naturally felt that until the decision of the Holy See was clear beyond all doubt and exception, they could not withdraw from their converts privileges which had been permitted to them for long years, and the withdrawal of which could not fail to throw many back into Paganism and to provoke a persecution. As to the question of the rites themselves, there never was any dispute as to principle; both the Jesuits and their opponents held that no one could permit to the Chinese converts idolatrous or superstitious practices. The dispute was as to a question of fact, namely, what word most fittingly expressed the Name of God in Chinese, and whether certain of the honours paid by the Chinese to Confucius and to their ancestors were idolatrous and superstitious, or were purely civil and not religious observances, local forms of that outward expression of reverence for a national hero or for the ancestors of a family, which in one form or another is practised in the whole world, Pagan and Christian. The Jesuits from the first insisted on their converts ceasing to practise certain rites of this description which were clearly superstitious; they permitted only what they, and many others with them, supposed could be safely declared free from superstition. That the practices were very useless in the eyes of a European was no reason for forbidding them to a Chinaman. The missionaries were sent to China, not to alter Chinese customs, but to abolish Chinese superstitions.

As for De Tournon's treatment at Macao, there was no need for the Jesuits to take any action against him, even if they desired it. The Portuguese were ready enough to deal harshly with him, because they looked on him as an invader of their privileges, and suspected that his attempt to establish a Superior General of the missions at the Court of Peking was a measure directed as much against them as against the Jesuits.

We need not deal with the other alleged instances of Jesuit opposition to the Holy See. For all who care to look into the facts, there is now evidence enough that the Society owed its preservation in Russia, as much to the permission of the Sovereign Pontiff as to the friendship of the Russian authorities. This matter has been already more than once dealt with in our pages;¹⁰ there is, therefore, no need to return to it here.

¹⁰ See especially the article on "The Jesuits in White Russia," *THE MONTH*, May, 1878.

Père Labonde, S.J.

PIERRE AUGUSTE VICTOR LABONDE¹ was born at Amiens, August 1, 1795, in the night which separates the feast of St. Ignatius from that of St. Peter's Chains. In after life he loved to recall this fact, and well might he delight in doing so, since the Prince of the Apostles vouchsafed to bestow upon him the priceless gift of unswerving devotion to the faith and to the Holy See, and St. Ignatius, not wishing to be outdone in generosity, conferred upon the future Jesuit the best he had to give, namely, that loyal love for the Society of Jesus which caused him hereafter to seek and obtain admission into its ranks.

His parents had originally been in a good position, and had possessed a considerable fortune, but in the disastrous days of the Revolution they had lost the whole of their property, so that, at the time that Pierre was born, his father was compelled to work in a velvet manufactory, in order both to obtain the means of supporting his family, and also to conceal himself as far as possible from the observation of those in power, to whom his religious opinions made him an object of persecution. The storm had indeed well-nigh spent its fury, and the clouds were passing away; but the mutterings of the distant thunder were still to be heard, so that M. Labonde incurred no small risk by concealing in his house, as he did not hesitate to do for a considerable period, a proscribed priest, M. le Prince de La Tour d'Auvergne, afterwards raised to the episcopal throne of Arras. Our Lord who, in the hands of this faithful priest, day by day deigned to descend into the humble dwelling of the devout couple, rewarded their courageous piety by making their only child² instrumental to so great an extent in rebuilding the ruined sanctuary, and rekindling that light of faith which the

¹ *Le R. P. Pierre Labonde, de la Compagnie de Jésus.* Par le P. Charruau, de la même Compagnie. Nantes : Librairie Libaros, 1884.

² A second son, born about two years later than Pierre, died in his infancy, or at a very early age, the exact date of his decease not being recorded.

enemy had so nearly succeeded in extinguishing throughout the land.

Whilst yet in the cradle, Pierre began to evince a tender affection for the Immaculate Mother of God, and she was graciously pleased to bestow upon him in return something of her own angelic purity, so that when, at the age of upwards of eighty-seven years, he was called to stand before his Judge, those who knew him most intimately were enabled to affirm that he had never lost his baptismal innocence. Not less remarkable was his reverence for the Blessed Sacrament; indeed, when only four years old, he esteemed it his highest privilege and supreme delight to serve the Mass of M. de La Tour d'Auvergne, acquitting himself of the office with a gravity and modesty which plainly proved his infant mind to be profoundly impressed with the greatness of the Adorable Mystery of the Altar. As a matter of course the residence of a proscribed priest beneath their roof compelled the greatest caution on the part of the Labondes, especially when persons living in the neighbourhood repaired to the house for the purpose of assisting at the Holy Sacrifice. Pierre saw it all, and comprehended the situation; with a wisdom and discretion far beyond his years he carefully abstained from saying or doing anything which could tend, however remotely, to compromise the guest. Later on he was sent to school, and never, even whilst romping with his companions, did he forget, or neglect to observe, the precautions he had so strictly enjoined on himself. From breathing during his early years this atmosphere of concealment, he formed a droll habit which he retained throughout his life, of saying common-place things with an air of most unnecessary mystery, and of whispering some ordinary remark into the ear of the person with whom he happened to be conversing with the manner of one who is communicating an important secret. He often got laughed at on account of this incorrigible propensity, and when in after years he was a professor in the College of Fribourg, the Rector on one occasion stepped up to him during recreation, and putting his mouth close to his ear, said to him with affected solemnity, and in a stage-whisper loud enough to be heard by all present, "Father Labonde, we shall have supper this evening!" The general amusement was great, the subject of this harmless joke joining most heartily in the innocent mirth.

At the age of ten, Pierre felt himself called to embrace the

religious life, and having carefully examined the characteristics of the different orders, he finally resolved upon becoming a Carmelite. This juvenile precocity may appear almost incredible, but we have the fact upon his own authority. The community of Carmelite nuns, dispersed during the Revolution, had just returned to Amiens, and his mother was in the habit of frequently taking Pierre with her when she went to Benediction at the convent. To her he confided his plan for the future, and she, unable to repress a smile, bade him go and tell the Prioress. With the greatest eagerness he hastened to the house, and asked if he could speak to the Superioress, who came into the parlour, and inquired what he wanted? "Rev. Mother," replied the child, with the utmost gravity, "I am desirous to become a Carmelite; will you receive me into your house as a postulant?" He was gently informed that he was as yet too young, and must wait several years before again applying for admission. Joyously did he retrace his steps, not doubting that the doors of the enclosure would ere long be opened for him. And, as we smile at his childish ignorance and simplicity, we cannot at the same time refrain from admiring the singleness of purpose with which, at this tender age, he desired to consecrate himself entirely and for ever to the service of God.

In October, 1807, Pierre was sent to the seminary of Beauvais, in order that he might there prosecute his studies in view of his ardent desire of becoming a priest. He was then rather more than twelve, and during the course of the next eight years we do not find many details worthy of record, partly because there was at that period nothing especially remarkable about him, and partly also because, owing to the extreme old age to which he attained, he necessarily outlived most of his contemporaries, and there are consequently but few persons now living who could possibly have been among the number of his fellow-students. By the time he was twenty, he had completed his course of theology and received minor orders, but was of course compelled, on account of his youth, to wait several years before it could be possible for him to be invested with the supreme dignity of the priesthood. During this period of patient expectation, the Divine call, which he had heard ten years before, was repeated with increased force and distinctness, and responded to with greater promptitude and earnestness. Pierre had become acquainted with the Jesuit Fathers at the College of St. Acheul, and he ardently desired to enter the Novitiate of the Society.

He opened his heart to Father Loriquet, the then Prefect of Studies, but the latter, after hearing all the details of the case, gave it as his decided opinion that Pierre ought, at least for the present, to remain in the world for the sake of his parents, who were now growing old, and whom it was his duty to assist, as they were in very straitened circumstances. Father Loriquet therefore exerted himself to the utmost to find some suitable appointment for Pierre, and succeeded in obtaining for him the post of tutor to the two sons of the Duchesse de Choiseul.

Difficult as it must have been to submit to this decision, Labonde accepted it without a murmur, and no one who saw the cheerful alacrity with which he entered upon his new duties, and the joyous readiness with which he performed them, could have guessed that his heart was elsewhere, and that the life which looked so easy and pleasant entailed upon him in reality a sacrifice more painful than exterior mortifications can ever be, the sacrifice, namely, of his own will and inclinations. He cordially detested the ceremonious etiquette, the varied and minute observances, the soft and easy way of life, the late hours, the luxuriously-appointed table, and all the pomp and parade which formed part of every-day existence in the circles in which he was now called to move. Never did he attempt to ingratiate himself with the great, and even royal, personages who honoured the salons of the Duchesse with their presence, though he might easily have done so, and thus secured his future advancement. Perhaps he sometimes leaned a little too far on the other side, as may be gathered from an amusing incident which has been recorded in connection with a reception at the Tuileries at which he was obliged to be present. As the King passed through the suite of apartments, all the ladies and gentlemen belonging to the Court bowed to the very ground, the young tutor bowing likewise, in a most respectful manner, though not so low as the rest. It was subsequently remarked to him, that his salutation might have been somewhat more reverential than it was; whereupon he frankly rejoined that although he honoured and respected the King, it was only before God that he could fall upon his knees. This answer being repeated to Louis the Eighteenth, greatly diverted him: "Here," he exclaimed, "is a little Abbé of whom we shall be able to make something!"

Labonde spent nearly three years in the Duchesse de Choiseul's family, and carried with him when he left the esteem and

affection of all its members. He was induced to resign his post on account of having obtained from the Sovereign Pontiff a dispensation enabling him to receive priest's orders, although he was as yet only twenty-three. But before we proceed further, one incident connected with his ordination is too interesting to be passed over. The see of Amiens happened then to be temporarily vacant, owing to the death of its occupant, and Pierre Labonde was therefore obliged to repair to Arras, where the Bishop, who was none other than M. de La Tour d' Auvergne, was about to hold his ordinations. When Pierre, in the usual course, knelt before the Prelate, the latter inquired his name, and upon hearing it appeared deeply moved and desired the Vicar-General to send the young man to him at the conclusion of the ceremony. Pierre accordingly went to the Bishop's room, where he met with a most unlooked-for reception. "Are you," exclaimed the Prelate, "really the good little boy who used to serve my Mass nearly twenty years ago, in the upper room of your father's house in Amiens?" Then raising the young priest from his kneeling posture, he clasped him in his arms, and embraced him with the warmest affection, saying, with tears of deep emotion: "May God bless you, my dear son, now and for evermore!"

Father Loriquet proposed that the Abbé Labonde should undertake the office of Supplementary Professor at the College of St. Acheul, and it is needless to add that he joyfully accepted the offer, and at once prepared to enter upon his new career. His life was now as regular and secluded as that of the religious; but it was not likely that his eager and generous spirit should long be content to pace, as it were, around the boundaries of that garden of the Lord which he so ardently thirsted to enter. At the end of the first year, he spent the vacation with his parents; and having obtained their free consent, went to Mont-rouge, in order to join the novitiate there. We may here remark that his father expired in the peace of the Lord not many months later, and that his mother lived to an extreme old age, and enjoyed upon several occasions the happiness of again seeing her son.

Great was the gratitude which filled the heart of the new novice; earnest were his prayers that he might be enabled to bear the trials which lay before him and remain faithful to his vocation. He was fully aware that man is sent upon earth to suffer and to work, and that only in Heaven ought we to expect

rest and enjoyment; indeed, it is not too much to say that it was the idea of having to work hard and to suffer for the Name of Jesus which principally attracted him to the Society. Quite apart from grace, he could by nature never have become a lotus-eater; the thought of an easy, idle, self-indulgent life was utterly abhorrent to him, and from the very core of his being could he have echoed the words which the Latin poet puts into the mouth of his hero:

Aut pugnam, aut aliquid jamdudum invadere magnum
Mens agitat mihi, nec placida contenta quiete est.

He knew that a Jesuit has his hands ever full of work, of one kind or another; and he was not ignorant, moreover, that the enemy of God and of the Church is accustomed to direct his attacks in an especial manner against the sons of St. Ignatius, nay more, that there are to be found among the children of the Church some who are not ashamed to regard the defenders of her outworks with secret suspicion, if not with open aversion. He passed successfully through the novitiate, which was in his case shortened to one year instead of two, owing to the unusual scarcity of subjects at that time and the great number of posts requiring to be filled; and for the same reason he never had the advantage of the year of tertianship, which is for Jesuits a second novitiate, through which they pass before taking their final vows. At the end of a year he was sent to St. Acheul, where he resumed the functions he had before so successfully discharged; and there, on the feast of the glorious St. Michael, 1823, he had the joy of taking his simple vows. Few external events mark the course of his life during the sixty years he was to pass in the Society, especially because, though held by his Superiors in the highest esteem, he was never appointed to fill any prominent post. For the first fifteen years he was to be a teacher of children; for the remaining period, an apostle of working men; and it is in this two-fold capacity that we shall consider him, endeavouring to show wherein lay the secret of his two-fold success.

He spent, indeed, but six years at St. Acheul, for, in 1828, Charles the Tenth was persuaded by the Liberals to compel the Jesuits to close their educational establishments throughout France, and their pupils would in consequence have been completely dispersed, had not the chiefs of the Catholic party in Switzerland most opportunely placed at the disposal of the

Society the College of St. Michael at Fribourg, founded by the Blessed Canisius towards the end of the sixteenth century. The Holy Father approved the project, and desired the General of the Jesuits to make arrangements for founding a College of that Order in Fribourg. This was done without delay, and it was at Fribourg that Father Labonde, as we must now call him, carried on his labours during the last nine years of the fifteen he spent as a teacher of youth, his pupils having for the most part followed him thither when St. Acheul was closed. We cannot refrain from here remarking in how singular a manner history repeats itself; for have we not now, half a century later, schools in our own midst where French Fathers, driven into exile, gather round them the children of their fellow-countrymen?

But we must return to Father Labonde, whom we find diligently engaged in the educational duties he had been appointed to fulfil at St. Acheul, duties in the prosecution of which he achieved an eminent success. This success was based on no external gifts, for he had neither an imposing presence nor a ready tongue, nor was he a man distinguished for talents or learning; the secret of his immense influence over others in both the earlier and later stages of his career, lay in his profound humility, his self-sacrificing charity, his judicious firmness, and the happy manner in which he contrived to identify himself for the time being with each of the different individuals with whom he was brought into contact, so as to make them feel that their interests were his own, and that he could see things from their point of view. He had a remarkably quick insight into character, as is sufficiently proved by the fact that, during the twenty years he, from first to last, spent as a teacher in the Colleges of the Society, he was the means of sending over one hundred subjects to its various novitiates, and, it is said, not one out of this large number lost his vocation. Let it not, however, be for one moment supposed that he endeavoured in the least degree to bias the minds of his youthful pupils; on the contrary, he uniformly and guardedly abstained from saying anything which could be taken to express a wish that any one of them should join the Society. He aimed not at making them Jesuits, but he strove with heart and soul to make them Christians, and his prudence and discernment preserved him from the unfortunate mistake of thinking that because young persons are good and pious, they ought therefore to be hurried into some religious order, as soon as they leave school or college.

He knew that the paths God has ordained for His servants to walk in are as various as the characters and dispositions where-with He has endowed them, and he acted on this knowledge. Yet a large number of those who had the happiness of being trained by him are now to be found in various religious orders; many also swell the ranks of the secular clergy, whilst some have been called to the Episcopate, and wear the mitre with dignity and grace.

It must be remembered that Father Labonde was in a position to exercise to no ordinary extent the influence of which we speak, had he chosen to do so, since, in his capacity of Director of the Confraternity of the Holy Angels, he was necessarily brought into intimate spiritual relations with many boys who did not belong to his regular pupils. Our space forbids us to give the rules and regulations of this Confraternity, which was an organized congregation, with officers and rules of its own, and special religious duties and observances. It was productive of no small good, and may be said to have raised the tone of the whole school, since a higher standard was proposed to the boys who belonged to it. Their Director was careful not to let their devotion become either exaggerated or excessive, and he repressed with a firm hand anything which tended in this direction, while he was at the same time always ready to permit them to make little sacrifices of an every-day and matter-of-fact description. The two following instances may serve to illustrate our meaning:

Gustave de Villers, a member of the confraternity, had an ardent devotion to the Holy Eucharist, and on Communion days, not content with the time allotted for thanksgiving, he used to spend part of his recreation hour in the chapel, in order to have an opportunity of again conversing with our Lord. In order to test the reality of his piety, Father Labonde would sometimes go up to him, and say: "You had better leave the chapel now, my child;" and the boy would instantly obey, knowing obedience to be better than sacrifice. Later on he gave satisfactory proof that his piety was no mere sickly sentiment, for it became necessary that he should undergo a most painful surgical operation, the result of which was that he had, during a lengthened period, a distressing sore in his left side. He bore his sufferings with heroic courage, saying that he was a soldier of Jesus Christ, and that as such he rejoiced to have in his person a wound like that which pierced the Heart of his Divine Master. Gustave was at that time about fourteen years of age (pp. 74, 75).

The second example is of a very different kind.

Upon one occasion, when the whole school was anticipating with extreme delight the visit of a travelling circus to the neighbourhood, the equestrian feats to be witnessed having formed the subject of eager discussion for weeks beforehand, two of the boys who belonged to the confraternity told Father Labonde that they had determined, should he approve, to deny themselves the amusement, and offer the privation as a sacrifice to God. Their Director paid but little apparent heed to what they said, fearing that if he were to praise their proposal, some feeling of gratified vanity might insinuate itself into their mind. But when the day came and the show was about to be held, he found an excuse for calling them into his room and giving them something to do which occupied the whole time they would otherwise have spent at the circus. Even his keen and practised eye could not detect the least sign of moodiness or regret; and when he at length dismissed them, he was careful not to evince in any way the admiration he felt for their generous self-conquest (pp. 75, 76).

It may truly be said that Father Labonde never had any holidays, for a considerable number of the boys used—especially after the foundation had been removed to Fribourg—to remain at school during the vacations, the distance from their homes being great. They all had to be looked after, and provided with occupation and amusement, the latter generally taking the shape of excursions in Switzerland, Germany, and Northern Italy. They used to travel in companies of twelve or twenty, each group taking a different route, under the direction of one or two of the Fathers. Fortunate indeed were the pupils whom Father Labonde escorted! He had the art of making these expeditions thoroughly enjoyable in every way; he knew how to unbend without losing his dignity, how to inspire his youthful charges with a perfect sense of liberty, whilst constantly maintaining his authority; how, in a word, to make every one happy and contented, for his delightful vivacity and ready flow of conversation had the effect of continual sunshine.

We may here take occasion to remark that it was not only on these occasions that Father Labonde exerted his undeniable power of winning all hearts; he had long since been appointed by the Rector to receive the strangers who came to see the College and act as their *cicerone* whilst going over it. This was no unimportant post at Fribourg, where visitors were very numerous, comprising every possible nationality, and belonging sometimes to the highest classes of society. Some came from mere curiosity and love of sight-seeing; others wished to give evidence of kindly feeling and sympathy towards the exiled

Fathers; and not a few who presented themselves at the gate were actuated by the most unfriendly and even inimical spirit, and only wished to find an opportunity for the exercise of adverse criticism. Father Labonde satisfied the curious, charmed the friendly, disarmed the hostile, his tact teaching him to tell what each desired to know; the grace and finish of manner he had acquired during his residence in the aristocratic circle of the Duchesse de Choiseul, thus becoming of the greatest service to him.

His interest in his pupils did not cease when they left college, and there are extant hundreds, if not thousands of letters written by him, which prove how he entered into all their concerns and followed the course of their life in whatever direction that course might have tended. Before taking leave of him as a teacher of youth, we cannot perhaps give a better illustration of the permanent effect of his example and influence than by narrating the sad, yet edifying story of one of those characters he strove to mould.

Gaston de Raousset-Boulbon was a boy who gave his masters a great deal of trouble and occasioned them no little anxiety. His character was proud and passionate, but he had a warm and generous heart, and was distinguished by his unbounded devotion to our Blessed Lady, amongst whose special clients he desired to be enrolled. But the rules relating to admission into the confraternity were strict, and he could not obtain the requisite number of good-conduct marks. His was a nature tending to extremes; his devotion to Father Labonde knew no bounds, and the latter took the greatest interest in the boy, and spared no pains in order to help him to overcome his fiery temper and curb his outbreaks of passion. For a time all went well, and Gaston was at length, to his great joy, received as an associate, but only to fall back ere long into his old ways. He never succeeded in becoming a member of the Confraternity, and the departure of his beloved guide from Fribourg was to him an irreparable calamity. He even went so far, in the violence of his grief, as to make most unbecoming remarks, reflecting upon the Father who was now placed over him, so that the Rector had to insist upon a public apology. After leaving College, the Count de Raousset led for several years a life the reverse of edifying, until at last, having run through two or three fortunes, he found himself compelled to emigrate to California. In the midst of all his reckless extravagance and evil ways, he never lost his devotion to our Lady, nor did he allow a single day to pass without repeating the *Memorare*. Upon his arrival in California his energy and intelligence soon gave him the ascendant over the motley crowd of adventurers by whom he found himself surrounded, and who had, like himself, been

drawn thither in the hope of retrieving a ruined fortune. Difficulties having arisen between the Europeans and the Mexican Government, troops were sent against them, and they, being obliged to take up arms in self-defence, elected Gaston to be their General. After a series of skirmishes the Mexicans prevailed, and De Raousset, who had fought like a lion, was taken prisoner and sentenced to death by a military tribunal. On the eve of his execution he was, according to the custom of the country, locked up in a chapel for several hours; there, whilst he knelt before an image of our Lady, the Refuge of Sinners bent down her eyes of mercy upon her erring child, and obtained for him the gift of true contrition and sincere repentance. With tears of grateful affection he thought of Father Labonde, and recalled his parting counsels; he delayed not to reconcile himself with God, and spent part of his last night on earth in writing a letter to the religious who had been his early instructors, in order to thank them for having implanted in his heart that faith which alone shows the prodigal how to return to his Father's house. Count de Raousset met his end with unflinching courage, expiating his sins by a violent death; he fell with a smile upon his lips, cheered doubtless in his parting moments by the gracious words: "This day thou shalt be with Me in Paradise" (pp. 129, seq.).

The year 1837 opened for Father Labonde under the brightest auspices; and whilst he said Mass on the feast of the Circumcision, far indeed was it from his thoughts that our Lord, who condescended to begin His own life on earth with suffering, was about to call His servant to pass through the severest trial he had to encounter during his prolonged sojourn in this vale of tears. Yet so it was, and already a little cloud had appeared above the horizon, in the shape of the growing dissatisfaction felt by his colleagues on account of the immense influence he exercised by means of the Confraternity of the Holy Angels, of which it will be remembered that he was the Director. This influence, though exercised for nothing but good, clashed with the authority of the other masters, and occasionally with that of the Rector himself, besides interfering with the every-day routine of the whole establishment; it was, moreover, essentially opposed to the spirit of the Society, which aims at the suppression of individualism, and desires that its members should regard themselves as parts of a vast whole. And if in an extensive and complicated piece of machinery, some wheel should presume to deem it desirable to move faster than all the rest, would not the action of the whole be thereby hindered, if not brought gradually to a standstill? Hence the

Provincial desired Father Labonde to suppress the Office of the Guardian Angels, and so to cut down the observances hitherto practised by members of the Confraternity as to reduce them within the limit of the common rule. Father Labonde applied himself to execute these orders, but he could not altogether succeed in stifling all outward manifestation of the grief they caused him; and whether his Superiors considered his obedience somewhat reluctant and half-hearted, or whether he involuntarily delayed to carry out his unwelcome task, it is certain that the Rector considered it right to appoint him, time after time, penances which he had to perform in the refectory in presence of the whole assembled community.

The trial was a bitter one, and many a religious has for a less cause been led to take the deplorable step of quitting his Order, and thus imperilling, if not altogether losing, his hope of eternal salvation. What made it still more difficult for Father Labonde to submit, was that he could not but be conscious of the great good the Confraternity had been the means of effecting among the boys, as well as of his own unbounded popularity and the immense influence he wielded, so that, had he left, he would probably have taken a large number, perhaps even a majority of the pupils with him. It was indeed a moment of peril; of peril to which poor human nature, if abandoned to its own resources, could hardly have failed to succumb. But God has promised that He will never desert His servants if only they place their reliance upon Him, and in the midst of the storm of temptation and suffering which now assailed Father Labonde, a voice from Heaven whispered in the depths of his soul: "My grace is sufficient for thee, for power is made perfect in infirmity." And so he came victorious out of the battle, humble, obedient, and at peace.

This was not all; a further grief was in store for him, since at the end of the year it was intimated to him that he was to leave Fribourg, and take up his residence permanently at Nantes. This fresh sacrifice cost him very dear, but his soul had gained strength through his previous victory, and courageously he bade adieu to his beloved pupils and turned his back for ever on the familiar scenes which surrounded him, desiring only that all things might prove to be *ad maiorem Dei gloriam*. How abundantly this unselfish petition was granted will be fully shown during the forty years of active labour which he was now to spend at Nantes. The task which lay before him was

no easy one, but he applied himself to its accomplishment with all the energy of which he was capable. The skill and practice he had acquired during the twenty previous years could not be of much use to him in a sphere so totally different; hitherto he had been brought scarcely if at all into contact with the lower orders, and now his work was to lie principally among them. Yet before he had resided many months at Nantes, he had gained the thorough good will and hearty respect of a large portion of its population, as the following incident will prove.

One day a Jesuit Father, who had lost his way in the town, accosted a working-man who happened to pass, and asked if he could direct him to the house of the Fathers. "Don't know," answered the man gruffly, and went on. He had only gone a few steps when a thought seemed to strike him, and turning back he called to the Father: "Stop a minute, is it the house where M. Labonde lives that you want?" "That's the one." "I beg your pardon, sir," said the man, instantly taking the pipe out of his mouth and raising his cap, "please to excuse me, I did not know who you were. I will show you the way myself." And he accompanied the Father as far as was necessary to enable him to find his way without a guide (p. 207).

As the years went by, Father Labonde became more and more widely known, and it is needless to add that he was valued and esteemed in a like proportion, indeed it is almost impossible to overrate the amount of good he was enabled to effect. In saying this we cannot have better authority than that of the Bishop of the diocese, for when the Provincial of the Jesuits had at one time some idea of removing Father Labonde from Nantes, a rumour of this intention reached the ears of the Prelate, who immediately went himself to the house of the Fathers in that city, and begged the Superior to inform the Provincial that the Bishop could not bear to lose such a man. "And if the Provincial refuses my request," his lordship wound up by saying, "I shall myself go to Rome and see the General, and if necessary, the Holy Father also. There are two men whom I cannot spare from my diocese, Father Laurent (another Jesuit) and Father Labonde, and I mean to keep them."

Father Labonde often succeeded where others had failed, and the parish priests used sometimes to send and ask him to attend cases which appeared utterly hopeless, or had need of more than ordinary tact and perseverance. It is difficult to select from the amusing anecdotes with which this highly interesting and edifying biography abounds; but the two

following instances may serve to show that the subject of it was not easily rebuffed or discouraged.

One night the inhabitants of a common lodging-house in one of the lowest parts of the town were disturbed by groans which seemed to proceed from the roof. On search being made, a man was discovered in an out of the way corner of one of the garrets, to which access could only be obtained by a ladder, stretched on the floor with nothing on but a shirt and trousers. He seemed almost at the point of death, but revived after swallowing a little wine and some broth. This was a case for Father Labonde, and a Sister of Charity went to summon him in all haste. When the dying man saw him approach, he muttered: "I hate priests" (*curés*).

"I am not a *curé*, I am a Jesuit come to help and comfort you."

"A Jesuit? worse still. Do you see that crucifix lying at my feet? That once belonged to a Jesuit whom I murdered."

On hearing these words, even the intrepid Father Labonde felt a cold shiver run over him, but without betraying the least emotion, he coolly replied:

"Well, then, my child, no doubt it is that very Jesuit who has sent me to you." Then addressing the Sister of Charity, he ordered that a bed should be brought thither directly at his expense, with some warm coverings, good food, and all the sick man required. He then bade him farewell for the present, promising to come again soon.

Later on he returned, accompanied by a doctor, and for several days he never omitted visiting this unhappy outcast, employing every artifice his ingenious charity could suggest to induce him to reveal the circumstances of his hideous crime, and confess the dark deeds of his past life. At length he succeeded in awakening contrition within the breast of the hardened sinner, and after duly instructing him, he reconciled him with God, and prepared him for Holy Communion, which he received with great devotion. It must, however, be confessed that when the priest who brought him the Blessed Sacrament began to say a few words as to the necessary dispositions, the dying man cut him short almost angrily, his old intolerance of exhortation breaking forth anew: "Enough of that," he exclaimed, "I have heard it all before." A few days after he expired (p. 220).

Another day Father Labonde received a message begging him to go to a house of ill-repute, one of whose unfortunate occupants was on her death bed, and had called for a priest. He promised to go as soon as the instruction which he was about to deliver to his working-men was ended. At its conclusion he stopped one of those present, and telling him his destination, asked if he would accompany him, saying he had chosen him for his companion because he looked rather forbidding. On arriving at the house, Father Labonde found himself surrounded by a group of fallen women, who were alarmed at the danger of their companion in sin, and agitated by the near approach of

death. All the fatherly kindness which usually characterized him disappeared in a moment, the very tones of his voice were changed as, paying no heed to their emotion, in a stern, peremptory manner he asked for the mistress of the house. One of the women stepped forward; he ordered her to conduct him at once to the sick room. She did so, closing the door behind her as she retired. Father Labonde instantly placed it wide open, and stationing the man whom he had brought with him on the threshold, bade him remain there while the dying woman made her confession. On descending the stairs, he was accosted by the landlady.

"I daresay she will wish to have Communion brought her, will she not? I will be sure and get everything ready."

Father Labonde took a step backwards, and fixing his eyes on the woman: "What!" he exclaimed, "what can you be thinking of, madam?" Do you imagine that our Lord can come to your house? No, a dwelling so defiled is no place for the Immaculate Lamb of God to enter!"

The thrill of feeling in his voice, his indignant gesture, and the energy and resolution of his manner, were not without effect on the unhappy women who stood by, and they hung their heads in shame. "I shall have her taken to the hospital at once," he continued, "then she can receive our Lord."

The same evening the repentant sinner was removed to the hospital, where the last sacraments were administered to her, and Father Labonde watched over her with the greatest kindness until she expired (p. 221).

Father Labonde was certainly not a great preacher, if tried by ordinary rules, or measured by the regulations which, strictly speaking, govern the art of public oratory. He was heard to the best advantage when delivering familiar addresses, which permitted him to be quite at his ease, and left him free to follow his own peculiar bent, and gesticulate or change his posture according to the inspiration of the moment. "Children," he one day exclaimed, "Mary is immaculate!" Then, striking the floor with his foot, he added, "Do you hear this, Satan? I say she *is* immaculate!" Again, he would stoop and rap on the floor, as if knocking at a door, whilst carrying on an imaginary conversation with the souls in Purgatory. Or he would ascend the steps of the altar, and bend his ear to the tabernacle, as if listening for an answer from Him who abides there. Even the most ordinary things he did in an original and peculiar way. For instance, when giving his catechetical lectures, he used before he began to place his glasses, his handkerchief, his papers, &c., on the table before him with a curious little air of mystery essentially his own. One day a child who was taken

to hear him for the first time, on seeing him do this, whispered in his father's ear with a puzzled expression of countenance, "Papa, is he going to play conjuring tricks?"

It was necessary for Father Labonde to be sure of the sympathy of his audience, and if he was not certain that it was already there, waiting for him, if we may so speak, he could not create it. But his sermons were much liked, and extremely useful, if only through the number of penitents they brought to him. For an instinct as universal as it is true teaches men that he who can speak to their heart in the pulpit will also be able to say what they need when they are brought face to face with him in the confessional. Rare indeed are the instances in which a good preacher is not a good confessor, and *vice versa*.

Although Father Labonde's work lay, as has been said, principally among the working classes, there were yet, in the crowd of persons whose confessions he habitually heard, individuals of every possible description, belonging some of them to the middle, others to the upper ranks of society, this being especially the case during the later years of his ministry. It is easy to understand how his gift of sympathy and power of adapting himself to those over whom he desired to gain a hold, became in the confessional a mighty weapon, wherewith the conquest of many souls was effected. One secret of his power lay in the fact that, however great the throng of persons around his confessional, he never suffered a single penitent to depart without some apposite remarks, thus avoiding the chilling and repellent effect which a silent dismissal invariably produces upon those who approach the Sacrament of Penance. Another thing was that he knew exactly when to be indulgent and when to be firm, for in spite of all his unbounded kindness, he could insist most strenuously when he saw fit to do so, and so great was his sagacity and acuteness that he rarely made a mistake, the result justifying, in an overwhelming majority of cases, the line of policy he had adopted. A practical instance may serve to illustrate this.

Amongst Father Labonde's regular penitents was a young man about twenty-five years of age, a clerk in a large house of business which was never closed on Sundays. One Saturday when the young man went to confession, he was told that for his penance he must inform his employers that he could no longer come on holidays of obligation. "O Father," the poor fellow exclaimed, "you cannot

mean me to do that? What will become of me? I shall lose my situation." "Do as you are bid," was the only rejoinder.

The young man spent the rest of that day in misery. He dared not disobey, and yet he was afraid to speak to his employers. At length, taking advantage of a moment when they were alone, he ventured to knock at the counting-house door, and timidly announce that he must discontinue coming to work on Sundays. "Very well," replied one of the partners. "Then I need not come to-morrow?" "No." The young man felt relieved, but still far from easy, and all the week he was in constant fear of being discharged.

The next Saturday the managers sent for him. "There now," he said to himself, "they will send me about my business." What was his surprise when, on entering the counting-house, one of the partners spoke to him in the kindest manner, saying: "Mr. N., we have thought over what you said last week, and we mean always to close our establishment on Sundays, so that henceforth no one will be required to attend" (p. 262).

Totally devoid of human respect, the rebukes of this admirable priest were administered without regard of persons, since not one grain of moral cowardice entered into the composition of his nature, and it cost him no greater effort to rebuke the peer than the peasant. Yet he scarcely, if ever, was known to offend, partly because his reproofs were not unseldom conveyed in a practical shape, and one moreover so original and amusing that the culprit himself could not repress a smile, and partly also because what is said with gentleness, humility and charity, is generally well received.

One of his peculiarities was the great detestation he had of the habit of spitting in church. On this point he was pitiless, and never could he let the delinquency pass unrebuked. One day a gentleman of good family whilst waiting at Father Labonde's confessional amidst a throng of penitents—it was the eve of a festival—was so unlucky as to spit two or three times on the pavement. Father Labonde, coming out of the sacristy, caught him *in flagrante delicto*. He said not a word, but going back to the sacristy, reappeared with a broom and some sawdust, which he sprinkled on the ground. The offender, with humble apologies, attempted to take the broom from him, begging that he might be allowed to repair his own fault. But Father Labonde would not give it up, "I am God's servant," he said, "and it is for me to keep His house clean." And when he had finished sweeping, "Look here, my child," he added, "supposing I went to see you, should I spit about in your drawing-room? Well, this is God's house, why do you show such disrespect to Him?" (p. 246)

From 1860 to 1868 Father Labonde experienced in succession several severe attacks of illness, so that he was more than once compelled to suspend his labours, though it will readily be believed that he only did so when he found himself absolutely unable to continue them, or when his Superiors insisted that he should take some rest, and seek to recruit his shattered strength by means of change of air and scene. It was his wish and prayer that he might die in harness, and that when he should be no longer able to work, he might be taken to his eternal rest. But God willed it otherwise; He had ordained for His servant to spend several years in the passive inaction inseparable from extreme old age, and thus have leisure to make that special preparation for death which in the press of his busy life he might perchance have found impossible.

In December 1868, he celebrated the jubilee of his ordination, and his spiritual children united to keep the festival in a manner worthy of their beloved Father, and of the grateful and affectionate admiration they felt for him. A magnificent vestment was purchased, and offered to him on Christmas Eve, just before the midnight Mass; and on the following Sunday he was entertained at a banquet given in his honour by the Confraternity of the Blessed Virgin, which he had established at Nantes, and which under his auspices had spread widely and been productive of the happiest results. At this festive gathering the usual toasts were drunk and speeches made, and a poem composed expressly for the occasion was recited, in which the principal events of Father Labonde's life were mentioned, and his good works enumerated. Father Boyer, Superior of the House of Missioners at Pontigny, had been requested to come and act as spokesman of the assembly, but this unfortunately got wind, and reached the ears of Father Labonde, who, concealing from every one at Nantes the fact that he was aware of the project, wrote and implored Father Boyer not to come, dreading the eulogistic terms in which he knew the latter would speak of him. Father Boyer, respecting the humility which dictated the letter, found some excuse for declining, nor was the true reason of his refusal known until many years later. Subsequently to the celebration of his jubilee, Father Labonde's health became visibly stronger and better; indeed he seemed to have taken a fresh lease of his life, for although then seventy-three years of age, he was spared to continue his work for ten years more, and he regarded this as an answer to the many

fervent prayers offered up by his beloved children on his behalf.

During the closing years of his life, his virtues shone forth with ever-increasing lustre; and the burning love of God, where-with his soul was filled, caused his countenance to be as it were irradiated with celestial light. He said one day to a penitent whose confession he had just heard: "My child, repeat for your penance three times: O God, how good Thou art!" Whilst uttering these words he lifted his eyes and hands to heaven, as if about to fall into an ecstasy of Divine love. Several persons remarked that he must be going to die soon, for he seemed already permitted to behold the glory of God. His mental faculties gradually declined, his memory failing altogether, until in the autumn of 1882 he had become so much weakened both in body and mind that his Superiors found themselves compelled, however reluctantly, to prohibit him from saying Mass any longer. To this severe privation, which he could not but deeply feel, he submitted with the same ready obedience and unquestioning humility which had characterized him on the occasion of his departure from Fribourg, between forty and fifty years previously. Sometimes he would forget, and from force of long habit would repair, as he had been wont to do, to the sacristy, and commence to vest for Mass; then, when gently reminded of the wish of his Superiors, he would sorrowfully say: "Ah yes! I had forgotten, but I am ready to obey. I am too old to say Mass." Afterwards he would go and kneel before the Blessed Sacrament, tears trickling slowly down his furrowed cheeks the while. His humility showed itself in a thousand ways as his end drew near; over and over again he used to say to those about him, with an expression of alarm, amounting almost to terror: "To think that I have been a priest for over sixty years! How many Masses I have said! How many absolutions I have given! O my children, shall I ever get out of Purgatory?"

About the middle of October he grew worse so rapidly that it was deemed advisable to move him to Angers, as he could there more easily receive the care and attention he now constantly required; and it was in this place that Father Labonde spent the three last months of his life. His work was done, and he had only to wait patiently until he should receive the recompense of his labours. Frequently was he heard to ejaculate: "Come Lord Jesus!" and ere long there came from

the loving Heart of his Divine Master the welcome response : "Behold I come quickly, and My reward is with Me." About eight o'clock in the morning of January 15, 1883, Father Labonde gently expired *in osculo Domini*, without any agony or parting struggle, after what appeared to be merely one of the attacks of faintness to which he had long been liable, so that there was nothing to mark the precise moment when the soul departed from its tenement of clay. *Beatus homo, cui cæli patebant !*

A. M. CLARKE.

The Influence of Positive Morality on Law.

THE result of the recent proceedings in Paris in the case of Madame Clovis Hugues is certainly a solemn warning as to the effect of a depraved morality on the administration of the law. Although the judge appeared to have no doubt as to the nature of the crime committed, yet the opinion of the public—the positive morality of Paris, the leading principle of which seems to be “Vengeance belongs to man”—prevented the law from taking its course. In England it is to be feared that public opinion tends in the same way to influence the practical effect of the law and to influence it in the wrong direction. This is seen in the constant refusal on the part of the country to allow women to suffer capital punishment, and in the efforts which are now being made to obtain the immediate release of the captain and mate of the yacht *Mignonette*. These men, who were found guilty of deliberate murder, were condemned to six months’ imprisonment only, and that without hard labour, and yet an agitation is set on foot to exempt them altogether from a punishment which certainly did not err on the side of severity.

The assertion that the positive morality of a country modifies not only the administration of the law, but the law itself, seems a mere common-place, but it may not be without interest to notice shortly some of the principal methods by which it has effected and is effecting this result.

But first of all we must clearly define the terms positive law and positive morality. The positive law of a country is the law as it is, that which has actually been imposed. The positive morality of a country is the morality actually there existing, whether the standard be high or low; it is a sort of law, not imposed by the Sovereign Power in the State, but by the people, the sanction whereof is not punishment, but the censure of public opinion. It has more influence over men than law, and is a most powerful agent in bringing about changes therein. Class

legislation, no doubt, from time to time works important alterations, but in the end, especially where the stronger passions of men are affected, it will be found that positive morality has the greatest influence on the progress of law towards good or evil. In fact, a learned American writer, in a chapter on the criminal law, gives it as his opinion that "the first requirement of a sound body of law is, that it should correspond with the actual feelings and demands of the community, whether right or wrong."¹ However strongly we may differ from the opinion that positive morality ought to guide the law, we are forced to acknowledge that it does so.

Sir Henry Maine tells us with respect to progressive societies that social necessities and social opinion are always more or less in advance of the law, and he considers the instrumentalities by which law is brought into harmony with society to be Fictions, Equity, and Legislation. Sometimes more than one of these may be operating simultaneously, but they are placed in the order of the times at which they respectively exercise the strongest influence.

1. Fiction is the earliest method; for all primitive societies, clinging to the memory of the ancient union between law and religion, entertain a great dread of change, and by means of fictions the law is practically altered to meet modern requirements, while theoretically it remains the same.

Amongst the fictions which affected the Roman law may be mentioned that of "adoption," whereby the family—the legal unit—was kept up by supplying an heir from without. And the fictitious action, *in jure cessio*, recalls to our minds the collusive proceedings in the Court of Common Pleas in England, known as Fines and Recoveries, by which alone, down to the end of the year 1833, an estate tail could be barred. Formerly, also, all prescriptive rights in England depended upon the fiction of a grant having been made at a remote period and subsequently lost, and it seems the better opinion that in cases which do not fall within the Prescription Act of William the Fourth, a similar fiction is still applicable. Fictions, however, seem to have altered the law more frequently in accordance with mere convenience than with a view to the current ideas of right and wrong.

2. In Equity we see an appeal to something higher than the law; in ancient Rome it was to the law of nature, in England

¹ *The Common Law.* By O. W. Holmes, jun., p. 41.

before the Reformation to Catholic morality. The effect of the Roman Prætor's action was not only seen in the admission of aliens to participation in the benefits of the law, but also in the working out of the principle that formalism, which is the essence of ancient systems, should give way to the real intention of the parties, and that the family should be regarded as based more upon blood relationship than upon "Potestas." Indeed, all parts of Roman jurisprudence felt the Prætor's influence sooner or later.

The Prætor published his edict at the beginning of his year of office, stating the cases in which he would give equitable relief. The English Chancellor sat in a court of conscience, softening the harshness of the Common Law and administering justice in accordance with morality after the fact, as cases arose requiring his aid. When land was given to A to the use of B, the Chancellor compelled the nominal owner to hold solely for the benefit of the real owner, for whose advantage the transfer had been made. The courts of law, on the other hand, looked only to the legal owner, and the real owner could make no claim before them. The inconveniences arising from the separation of the legal and beneficial ownership led to the passing of the Statute of Uses in the reign of Henry the Eighth, which enacted that the legal estate should be in him who had the use. This statute, however, failed in practice through the narrow interpretations put upon it by the judges, and its only effects have been that three words were added to every conveyance of land, and the jurisdiction of the Court of Chancery over landed property, instead of being abolished, was firmly established, and resulted in the development of the elaborate system and law of trusts which was administered by that Court.

Sir Henry Maine points out that the common course of systems such as equity is to tend to that very rigidity which they were introduced to cure, and that as in Rome the *Edictum Perpetuum* having been consolidated by Salvius Julianus, and from that time developed by the Jurisconsults, became fixed and unprogressive in the time of Alexander Severus, so English equity ceased to expand with the requirements of the times when Lord Eldon aimed at explaining rather than enlarging the jurisprudence of his Court. It became thenceforth not so much a court of conscience as a court for the administration of a system of precedents; a court of morality indeed, but a morality of the past, basing its decisions simply and solely on

decisions already given, and incapable of developing its jurisdiction to meet new circumstances. By the Judicature Acts the old Court of Chancery, which had been, to quote the late Lord Justice James, "a very great Court in its day," was abolished. Law and equity are now concurrently administered in all the branches of the High Court of Justice, and in cases when they differ the equitable rule is to prevail.

3. In the later periods of the existence of progressive societies, direct legislation is the principal method by which the law is altered. In Rome, under the Republic, there had been legislation by Popular Assemblies and by the Senate, but under the Empire the Imperial Constitutions superseded all other means of law-making.

We have arrived in England at the stage when the building up of the law is almost exclusively done by legislation. Ours is the age of Acts of Parliament, and we frequently see that the influence of positive morality upon them is not always for good, and that it tends to grow worse with the gradual decay of religion. In earlier times our Education and Divorce Laws found no place, but the natural Conservatism and good sense of the English people showed themselves in a happy, though somewhat inconsistent clinging to the shreds of Christian truth and morality which were saved from the wreck of the Church in this country at the Reformation. Still, in the face of the present Divorce Law, the Married Women's Property Act, 1882, and the proposed measure for giving the custody of children to both parents equally, we must acknowledge that the unity of the family is seriously threatened through the evil influence of positive morality, and we cannot but fear that we are following slowly but surely in the steps of nations more advanced in the downward course than ourselves.

In France the downward tendency of positive morality at the present time is very marked. The history of France will supply us with a good illustration of its influence on direct legislation. The positive morality of 1803 sanctioned a divorce law of a very lax character. A few years later the moral tone seems to have improved, for in 1816 the law of 1803 was abolished. Last year, however, the country returned to its old opinion, and passed a divorce law very similar to the one abolished in 1816. The principal differences being that on the one hand it is made easier for a wife to obtain a divorce, and on the other, divorce by mutual consent, which under

certain limitations was allowed in the time of the First Consul, is not permitted by the new law; no provision, however, seems to have been made against collusion. The divorce law of France now stands mid-way between the stricter law of England and the very lax laws of some of the American States.

Besides the methods already mentioned, positive morality works also through the decisions of the judges, and what has been called judge-made law has appeared in many instances quite independently of well known legal fictions. In earlier times the power of the judges in this respect was naturally much greater than in later periods. Of a remarkable though unsuccessful attempt of Lord Mansfield's to exercise this power, Professor Pollock writes: "This suggestion of setting up a new class of formal contracts (for such would have been the effect) came too late to have any practical influence. But if it had occurred a century, or at any rate two centuries earlier, to a judge of anything like Lord Mansfield's authority, the whole modern development of the English law of contract might have been changed." Notwithstanding, however, the advanced stage of legal development at which we have arrived, we have lately witnessed a bold effort in the direction of law-making by a judge in a recent case of indictment for blasphemous libels—*The Queen v. Foote* and others. As recently as 1867, the late Lord Chief Baron, Sir Fitzroy Kelly, ruled that "Christianity is part and parcel of the law of the land," and this had been laid down by all the old judges such as Lords Hale, Raymond, and Tenterden, who were also of opinion that on this ground any writing questioning the truth of Christianity was in itself a blasphemous libel. But the Lord Chief Justice, in *The Queen v. Foote*, told the jury that he did not agree with the late Lord Chief Baron, and that in his opinion it is now no longer true in the sense in which it was true when the dicta of Lords Hale, Raymond, and Tenterden were uttered, that Christianity is part of the law of the land. This was an instance of judge-made law as reflecting the positive morality of the day. His lordship's summing up was an application of the maxim, that when the reason for a law disappears, the law itself disappears with it (*cessante ratione legis, cessat lex ipsa*), and he gave it as the law that even the truth of Christianity may now be denied if the decencies of controversy are observed.

In a very able article contributed to the *Fortnightly Review* by Mr. Justice Stephen in March last, that learned Judge

dissents from Lord Coleridge's view of the law ; but suggests that an Act should be passed abolishing the common law offences of blasphemy and blasphemous libel, or, if this be thought too sweeping a measure, that at least the Legislature should by a short Act declare the law to be as laid down by Lord Coleridge.

Whether the Lord Chief Justice's law be allowed to stand on its own authority, or either of Mr. Justice Stephen's alternatives be adopted, Catholics will deplore the obvious retrogression of public opinion whichever be the way in which it may affect the law ; a retrogression which nothing but the wider spread of Catholic faith and morality can stop, much less reverse. The separation of law from religion is looked upon by many modern writers as a great step towards the development of the former, but, from a Catholic point of view, almost any religion which acknowledges the existence and Providence of God, must exercise a beneficial influence over the law. When religion disappears, positive morality is left with no better guides than expediency and passion, and it is difficult to hope for much moral improvement under such leadership.

W. C. MAUDE.

The Requiem of the Deep.

THE night-winds sigh and whisper,
The world is wrapt in sleep,
But for ever and for ever
Sounds, the Requiem of the Deep.

Down in the weedy caverns
See the dead sailors lie,
With the cold waves around them,
And above the starry sky.

The drifting sand of ocean
Enshrouds each body now,
The sea-weed wreathes a diadem
Above each whitening brow.

Stern hearts that bravely perished
In glory and in pride ;
Cowards that sank in anguish—
They slumber side by side.

O roll ye waves above them,
Peaceful will be their sleep,
Till the great Archangel's trumpet
Shall echo o'er the deep.

The Requiem of the Deep.

Then the sea with a wail of travail
Shall render up its dead,
And the bodies of the dreamless
Shall leave their ocean bed.

Till then shine down in pity,
Shine down, pale stars, and weep ;
For the Master alone can silence
The Requiem of the Deep !

Chapters on Theology.

I. PRIMEVAL INNOCENCE.

A MODERN enemy of Christianity, who has done more to undermine belief in England than any other living man, has summed up in a recent number of one of the most widely circulated of English Reviews, his grounds for thinking that the Christian idea of God must little by little decay and disappear. Among the charges which he brings against Theism is the injustice of "visiting on Adam's descendants through hundreds of generations dreadful penalties for a small transgression which they did not commit." In these words he represents (or rather misrepresents) the Catholic doctrine of original sin, and very properly adds that such a mode of action ascribed to a human ruler would call forth expressions of abhorrence. It is against his perverted caricature of one of the articles of our faith that I am going to direct my present argument, and I assert, in opposition to the above-mentioned writer—

1. That the doctrine of original sin transmitted from Adam to his descendants is in accordance with perfect justice.
2. That the penalties which the children of Adam suffer by reason of their father's sin are simply the withdrawal of a gratuitous and uncalled for privilege which they would otherwise have possessed.
3. That the transgression on account of which it was withdrawn was not a small, but a great one, and a direct outrage on the Giver.
4. That God's action in withdrawing the privilege would, if ascribed to a human ruler, be regarded as perfectly just and wise and good.

These assertions I shall not prove in the order in which I have stated them, but I shall rather pursue the historical order in treating of original sin. I have but to explain the facts of the case as they really are, not distorted by the malice or ignorance of the opponents of Christianity, to make it plain

to the minds of my readers that the charges brought against God are absolutely unfounded, and based upon a perverted intellect or a strange ignorance of Catholic doctrine, or perhaps on both.

In order to understand the nature of original sin, of the change it produced in the world, and its effects on all generations of men from the first even to the last, we must go back to the time when it did not exist. We must see what was man's state before the first sin had been committed; what were the conditions of his being when he first came from his Creator's hands. It is by contrasting this with his subsequent condition that we can clearly understand what it was he lost by original sin, and what was the nature of the penalty inflicted on him and his descendants.

Man might have been created in one or other of two very different states of being. He might have been created a complex being, composed of body and soul, as he is now, and with a body and soul involving faculties, each of them craving after the good appropriate to itself, independently of the other. He might have been created with the same rebellion as now on the part of the lower nature, the same tendency to declare its independence, the same dislike of the supreme control of reason that it has now. There might have been the same inculpable anticipation on the part of the lower faculties of the decision of reason, the same proneness to steal a march on reason, the same struggle against reason which takes place in us now when the flesh wars against the spirit and the spirit against the flesh. There might have been the same fierce battle as there is now, the same unwillingness of the lower nature to yield to the authority of its proper lord, the same positive pain when we relinquish some object of desire, the same real sacrifice that has to be made when in spite of ourselves our lower faculties long after some pleasure which our higher faculties step in to forbid.

Such a contest would have all have been in the natural order: man's virtues would have been a natural though laudable obedience to the natural law, his vices would have been a natural though blameworthy disobedience to it, natural virtue would have received a natural reward. After man had lived for a certain number of years upon earth in a state of probation, God would have rewarded him with a natural happiness or misery according as he had obeyed the law of his nature or not. If he had submitted himself to that God of whom he would

have had a knowledge derived not from the light of faith but from "the light that lighteth every man who comes into the world," then, when God saw fit, he would have been recompensed with a perpetual happiness in the natural order; if he had rebelled against God, and remained until the end of his probation in a state of rebellion against Him, then he would have endured for ever some sort of suffering proportioned to his guilt. But all would have been in the natural order: there would have been no such thing as supernatural grace or supernatural virtue. Man's offences, as well as his merits, would all have been offences against the God of nature, and not against the God who calls us as He does now by His supernatural influences to a supernatural conformity with His image and likeness. Not that He would have left man to fight alone and unaided in the struggle between the higher and lower nature. He would have given natural aids to support human weakness in its trial. He would still have protected man from harm, succoured him in the hour of temptation, poured good desires and thoughts into his heart, strengthened him when he was like to be worsted in the combat. But all this again would have been in the natural order: man would have been from first to last a purely natural being, and his condition would have been a purely natural condition, or, as theologians style it, a *status naturæ puræ*. Such a condition is not only a possible one, but it is that which, without revelation or tradition, we should almost have imagined to be man's condition now. If God had not revealed to us that we are in the supernatural order and destined for a supernatural end, we should not have discovered for ourselves those wondrous privileges and responsibilities which we, in the actual state of things, enjoy. We should never have discovered that the order in which we live is the supernatural order, that God gives us supernatural aid, and that He destines us for supernatural happiness altogether above and beyond our nature, and which would be impossible to us unless God were to raise us above ourselves and make us, as far as can be, partakers of His own Divine Nature.

But man was not created in [this merely natural condition, in this state of pure nature. Almighty God in His Divine generosity gave to man, together with his human nature, a combination of supernatural gifts which raised him to an altogether higher sphere than that which he occupied in virtue of his natural condition. He adorned him with a series of

glorious ornaments which transformed him into another being. As some stately hall presents, indeed, a scene of grandeur and dignity when as yet its bare walls have no decorations to beautify them, when the empty space is yet unfurnished, and nothing has been introduced to render it fit for the immediate presence of him who owns it, so it was with the nature of man apart from God's supernatural gifts. As the same hall is scarce to be recognized as the same when the decorator's art has clad it in gold and harmonious colour, when paintings adorn the walls, and costly furniture invites its master to take up his abode there, so man can scarce be recognized as the same when we look at him clad in the supernatural glories in which God created him. He is altogether a higher, nobler, more glorious being. From being a little above the beasts of the field, they raise him to be only a little lower than the angels.

It is these supernatural gifts which Adam cast away for himself and his descendants when he first rebelled against the Divine command. It is by considering these that we shall better understand what is the character of original sin, and what is the havoc it wrought in the world and the consequences which followed from it. We shall see that God, so far from having in any way dealt hardly with the descendants of Adam in allowing them to suffer from the sin of their progenitor, has on the contrary treated them with the most liberal and almost incredible generosity: restoring to them, as far as was possible, the gifts that Adam had forfeited; giving them the opportunity of even profiting by his transgression, if they avoided from first to last any personal share in the actual guilt which had brought about his ruin.

First and foremost among these supernatural gifts conferred by God, out of His uncalled for and gratuitous liberality, on our first parents, was the gift of *sanctifying grace*. This was the source whence the rest flowed, the reason why they were given. The grace conferred upon Adam and Eve from the first moment of their being was a supernatural gift belonging to the highest order of things supernatural. It not only raised man above his human nature, like the gifts which will be bestowed upon man, body as well as soul, at the resurrection: such as the gift of agility, which will enable him in an instant to pass from one end of the universe to the other, or the gift of subtlety, which will render gross matter no obstacle to his progress. These gifts are supernatural in a lower and relative sense. They raise man above

human nature. They are supernatural relatively to his own nature, but they are not supernatural relatively to the angelic nature. To angels they are connatural, they belong to them as essential constituents of their being. Nor is grace supernatural merely in the sense that it raises any created nature now existing, human, angelic, be it what it may, above itself. It has a higher meaning than this when applied to the grace of God. For it raises the created nature as far as is possible to a participation in the Divine Nature. To grace and its effects the Doctors of the Church apply those words of Holy Scripture: *Ego dixi, Dii estis*—"I said you are all gods, and you are, children of the Most High." They call it *θελωσις* (a divinization) or *θεοποίησις* (deification).¹ It gave men a right to the supernatural joys of Heaven when their time of probation was over. It made them capable of one day beholding God face to face. The light of grace was the germ of that light of glory which was one day to qualify them for the enjoyment of the Beatific Vision.

To estimate aright the grace of God is impossible for any created being. The angels do not realize its full value. Our Lady has but a partial appreciation of its Divine beauty. Man, seeing as he does through a glass darkly and with his eyes dimmed by sin, can form but an utterly feeble and miserable notion of this greatest gift of God. *Nescit homo pretium ejus*—"Man is utterly ignorant of its value."² We can but use words of which we do not half understand the meaning. We can but describe in our inadequate and faltering terms this light, which may be said to reproduce on earth the glory of God in Heaven.

Plato used to say that if men could behold virtue in itself, in all its charm and beauty, they would be so enamoured of it that they could not prevent themselves from loving and following it. If he spoke thus of human virtue, what would he have said of the grace of God? If we could behold the soul thus adorned with grace, we should be unable to bear the glory of the sight, and we should be inclined to fall down and adore it, as St. John fell down and adored the angel who conducted him through the Heavenly City. God Himself, addressing the soul adorned with grace, is filled with admiration at its beauty, and cries out, *Quam pulchra es amica mea, quam pulchra es*—"How

¹ Cf. St. Athan. *Or.* 2, 3, *Contra Arianos*; St. Basil, *Dial.* 7; St. Dion. Areop. *De Eccl. Hier.* cclxx.; St. Aug. *In Ps.* 49, n. 2.

² Job xxviii. 13.

beautiful thou art, My beloved, how beautiful thou art!"³ This beauty, too, is no sterile beauty; it brings with it every kind of blessing and joy. It is like a garden full of blessings, says the Wise Man.⁴ It differs from the glory of Heaven only as the bud differs from the flower, as the sprouting seed from the full-grown plant. Take all the natural beauties of all created things, all the physical beauty that ravishes the eye, all the natural virtue that adorns the best of men, all the talent, all the power, all the strength, all the gentle sympathy, joined to the most godlike majesty, all the noble dignity, united with the most loving tenderness—add to these all the natural beauties of which the highest angels and archangels are capable, multiply them a thousand times, and a thousand times again, and they will be utterly miserable and insignificant in comparison with the lowest, smallest degree of the supernatural grace of God.

Supernatural grace, then, was the first and the most important of the boons God freely conferred on His rational creatures when He created them. But He was not satisfied with this. After raising men to such a dignity, God showed His appreciation of the honour it conferred by giving other gifts to bear it company. When Pharaoh conferred upon the Patriarch Joseph the second place in His kingdom, he took the ring off his own hand and put it on Joseph's hand, he arrayed him in a robe of silk, put a gold chain round his neck, and made him ride in the second chariot that he had. In the same way, when God conferred upon Adam sanctifying grace, He gave him other gifts and privileges congruous to it. It could not come alone: it must needs bring other subordinate gifts in its company, just as a king or general is accompanied by courtiers or staff officers. There would have been something unseemly if evil tendencies, defects, disease, or death had been the lot of one who was exalted to be son of God, and who was created, not only in the natural image, but also in the supernatural likeness of his Creator. God therefore gave to man the gift of *original justice*, that is to say, He created him free from the rebellion of concupiscence. He restrained in him the inferior part of his nature, and prevented it from fixing its desire on any gratification, before reason had pronounced its verdict whether such gratification were lawful or not. The

³ Cant. iv. 1.

⁴ *Gratia sicut paradisus in benedictionibus* (Ecclus. xl. 17).

appetite was completely under the dominion of reason. Just as a faithful and well-trained dog will not move from its place or taste its food until it has its master's leave to do so, as its eyes are always fixed upon its master to take its cue from his wishes and not from its own desires, so and still more completely the lower nature was in perfect subjection to its master's reason, and did not allow its longings to go forth after any delectable object until its lord was duly consulted. The result was a continual peace and tranquillity in the soul; no passion destroyed the calm that reigned there, no contest between opposing motives threw it into confusion. As in a well-ordered commonwealth, where authority is respected and those who wield it are held in due honour, there is no contest or struggle between one section of the people and another, and every citizen acts in dependence on and subordination to those who have the right to command, so in the soul the emotions, passions, appetites, bodily cravings, and mental longings exercised their energies only in subordination to their rightful lord and king, the reason. Adam had a distinct knowledge of the utter inferiority of the body and all that concerned it as compared with the soul. The will, receiving from the intellect clear and unmistakeable advice, had no tendency to take the wrong side at the moment when something attractive to the senses, but forbidden by the higher nature, was presented to it. All those virtues which men now acquire only by experience, and at the cost of toil and suffering, were infused from the first in their perfection. Prudence kept guard at the gates of the senses, knowledge preserved the intellect from error, no storm of passion swept over the soul, no ill-regulated emotion disturbed its tranquillity, no desire for sensual gratification rebelled against the calm dictates of unbiassed reason.

This condition of the soul has for ever disappeared from our fallen nature. Now all have to experience the struggle, the painful struggle, between the higher and the lower nature; but yet we see from time to time, both in the natural and supernatural order, a certain approximation to this state of original justice in some happy souls. There are men whose characters are from the first so well balanced, in whom the better elements of their nature seem to have such a perfect control over the inferior part of it, that the lower desires and passions have little or no tendency to rebel. There is such a

happy blending of the various faculties in their due proportion, such a superiority and controlling power in the will, such a ready subordination in the emotions and passions to reason's dictates, that they almost recall to us the integrity of our first parents before they fell. These men are not common, but we see them sometimes, and seeing them we cannot help admiring the natural beauty and harmony of their character and almost envying the peace and tranquillity that reigns within their souls. They are natural saints, setting aside the question of supernatural grace altogether. Such a man, I imagine, was Socrates, such a man was Aristides the Just at Athens, and Agesilaus at Sparta, and M. Porcius Cato the Censor at Rome. They had not fierce passions to fight against, their strong will and keen-sighted intellect held their lower nature in a sort of willing subjection. But we see a still nearer approximation to original justice in those who have, by the help of God's grace, conquered the inferior nature and its tendency to assert its independence. In great saints there may have been a battle, but it is over, and the flesh has submitted, and carnal desires are extinguished. The lower nature, which loves human applause and is dazzled by riches and worldly ambition, has given in its complete submission to the victorious reason and the strengthened will. Not that this is always the case. Sometimes God permits some rebellious desire to remain not completely crushed, and though it never obtains more than the shadow of a victory, yet it revolts continually and wars however fruitlessly against the spirit. Thus St. Paul experienced all through his life this humbling insubordination on the part of his lower nature, the sting of the disobedient flesh. Three times he prayed God that this tormenting consequence of the Fall might be removed, that the messenger of Satan might depart from him; but it was not the will of God, who made answer to His servant, "My grace is sufficient for thee, for strength is made perfect in infirmity." With different saints God deals differently: some He sees fit to humble by their continual experience of the rebellion of their nature, to others he gives an almost perfect tranquillity of soul. But to all He restores in a greater or less degree that mastery of the reason, that subjection or subordination of all that belongs to sense, which was enjoyed in its full perfection by our first parents in their primeval innocence.

The third of the gratuitous gifts bestowed upon Adam and Eve at their creation was the gift of *immortality*. Man in his

original nature was free from pain, weakness, disease, decay, old age, death. What would have been his destiny had he remained sinless? He would have passed in Paradise the time determined by Almighty God for his probation, and when that time was over he would have been carried away, body and soul, from earth to Heaven, to enjoy in the company of the holy angels the Beatific Vision to all eternity as the reward of his fidelity. The joys of the earthly Paradise would have been exchanged without sorrow or suffering, without that violent process which we call death, for the joys of the celestial Paradise. There would have been no rending asunder of soul and body as there is now, but smoothly and gently, without a pang or regret, body and soul alike would have floated away to the place prepared for them in the company of Heaven before the throne of God. There would have been no gradual failing of the powers, no weakening of bodily or mental strength as the time of his departure approached; after long years had passed he would have been strong and supple and vigorous, full of energy of body and soul, endowed with the beauty of perfect manhood as he was at his creation. Throughout his sojourn on earth, no languor or faintness, no weariness or lassitude, no hunger or thirst, no throb of pain or pang of agony would have attacked his body: no grief or sorrow, no trouble or anxiety, no regret for the past, no dissatisfaction with the present, no fear for the future would have disturbed the joy and tranquillity of his soul.

But how could this be? Does not the very nature of the body include a tendency to decay? Are not the physical and chemical processes which are continually going on such as of necessity wear out the fibre and tissue of the body? Are you going to tell us, I shall be asked, that man had a body that was of itself corruptible, but yet was never to know any sort of corruption? Are you going to assert a kind of perpetual miracle, which would have gone on for ever unless sin had come in to interfere with the Divine arrangement?

It might have been so, but I do not think that we are called upon to believe in this continual interference with nature's laws, which certainly is very unlike God's ordinary modes of action. We need not suppose any miracle at all. Holy Scripture itself suggests a far simpler solution. In the midst of the garden where man dwelt was placed a tree, the tree of life, and its fruit possessed a medicinal power of wondrous efficacy. It had

a power to maintain in all its vigour for a greater or lesser time, the bodily frame; it had the power to counteract any tendency to decay; it had a power of renewal which preserved man's forces unimpaired, and averted that depression of energy which we call pain. We need not suppose that such a power would have continued to all eternity, but at least it would have remained during the full period of Adam's probation. We know not how long that time would have been; we cannot even form any conjecture respecting the period that God in His providence had preordained. We only know that man did not use it to its completion; nay, it is generally supposed that it was but a short time after he was placed in Paradise that he forfeited his inheritance and all the gifts and privileges which accompanied it.

Although this gift of exemption from pain and death is gone from us for ever, yet we see in the world glimpses of the light that disappeared when Adam disobeyed the law of God, flashes of that heavenly brightness that illumined the soul and body of man at his first creation. When Adam lost the gift of permanent vigour exempt from decay, he did not lose that natural strength and force of body which God bestowed upon him. His body was still a body of extraordinary perfection. The tree of life did not lose its power to preserve from corruption and from death by the mere fact of Adam's sin. If man had continued in the garden, even after his fall, and gone on eating of its leaves, he would have preserved his strength and health and vigour at least far longer than he did. As it was, he lived for near a thousand years, and handed on to his descendants a longevity almost equal to his own. It was not until after the Flood that the lives of the patriarchs began to dwindle down little by little to the term of years of ordinary men. In later times this continuance of strength lasted on in one or other of the servants of God; of Moses we are told that at the age of one hundred and twenty his eye was not dim nor his natural vigour diminished. A pure and holy life of itself tends to preserve the body from corruption. The supernatural privilege sometimes conceded to the bodies of the saints of remaining undecayed for long years is not a purely supernatural privilege. At all events, it is founded on the natural law that the absence of concupiscence, the harmony between the higher and lower nature preserves even the body from one of the chief causes which hasten on its destruction. But I shall

have occasion to recur to this subject when I come to treat of the havoc wrought by original sin and its fatal consequences.

But I have not yet come to an end of the supernatural and gratuitous endowments of man at his creation. For he was not only superior to all the rest of the creatures of God, but he was created to be their king and lord. God gave him *dominion* over all the brutes of the field, the birds of the air, and fishes of the sea. He was king of all creation, and all things around were his subjects and dependents. He could command the animals and they recognized his right to command, and obeyed his behest. The lion forgot his fierceness, and the tiger her thirst for blood, in the presence of their human lord. They acknowledged him as God's vicegerent, and in virtue of their subjection to their Creator they were also subject to men. The most ferocious, the most savage of the brutes were tame and harmless before him. That power over the fierce nature of animals that some men possess, as a natural or supernatural gift, Adam possessed in all its perfection. As the hungry lions oft-times in the arena fell down submissive before some holy martyr and humbly licked his feet, so in the presence of Adam they crouched in their instinctive recognition of his sway. In virtue of his authority he gave the animals names descriptive of their various natures. They were created not only to obey him but to serve him also. Their welfare was to be postponed to his: he was the end for which they were made, so that the smallest permanent and unconditional advantage accruing to him would outbalance every interest of theirs. Now as God never places any man in high position without giving him the gifts qualifying him to occupy it, the King of the Universe received together with his kingdom the intellectual and moral endowments required for the due exercise of his sovereignty. This splendid Kingship surpassed all earthly sovereignties in dignity and majesty: far more than the noblest of earthly kings surpasses the monarch of the theatre, whose dominion lasts only till the play is over and the curtain falls. Adam had a kingdom extending over the whole world: he was an universal monarch, his kingdom no external influence could deprive him of: he was supreme over all his subjects. So long as he remembered the submission due to the Omnipotent King of Heaven and Earth, his kingdom was to last for ever: no senates hampered his rule, no democracy strove to abolish him, no secret conspirators destroyed his

peace. "Thou hast crowned him," says the Royal Prophet, "with glory and honour, and hast set him over the works of Thy hands. Thou hast subjected all things under his feet: all sheep and oxen: moreover the beasts also of the fields, the birds of the air, and the fishes of the sea, that pass through the paths of the sea."⁵

But if Adam was the king of creation, he had also another office entrusted to him in the Divine intention. As progenitor and father of the human race, it would be his office to teach and train them. He would be not only their parent, with all the duties that we naturally regard as attaching to a parent, but also their master and teacher in all things natural and supernatural. Hence to the gifts and graces requisite for a king of earth, He would have to add those qualifying him to be the doctor and instructor of all generations succeeding him. He would, therefore, need two sets of gifts: one moral, the other intellectual. He would require on the one hand all the moral virtues, prudence, courage, foresight, discretion, in order to administer his vast empire, and on the other, wisdom, understanding, vast and almost unbounded knowledge, an intimate acquaintance with the ultimate causes of things, an infused knowledge of God and of things Divine, both in the natural and supernatural order. All these Adam must have possessed and did possess. He was no savage, with the first rays of intelligence dawning upon a soul scarce raised above the brutes around him, he was no offspring of irrational creatures, slowly emerging into a condition of existence which enabled him to rule his fellows. He was a perfect man, with no flaw in his human intelligence, with no defect in his natural constitution, superior by nature to all who have come after him, save only to Him whose Manhood was united to the Godhead, and to her who was especially fitted by her Creator to be the Mother of God Incarnate.

What was the limit of Adam's knowledge and Adam's wisdom? It is impossible to define it exactly. We may assert unhesitatingly that he had a very complete knowledge of all that he required to know in order to fulfil his office of the King of the Universe, of every plant that grew, of every animal that trod the ground, of all the birds, the fishes, the reptiles that roamed through the garden where he dwelt. We may also think that he was not ignorant of the laws which govern the

⁵ Psalm viii. 6—9.

universe, of all those modern sciences which men have only learned by the experience of ages, and which they still know very imperfectly. We cannot suppose that he was ignorant of mathematics and physics, of the movement of the earth and stars, of the laws that rule their revolutions. It may be that his intellect was so filled with infused knowledge and a sort of instinctive wisdom that his judgments were never false, that he had even an instinctive perception of the fitness of things, that to him truth was self-evident. Of things immaterial and spiritual he knew far more than even the greatest of philosophers and theologians; of the human soul and its distinction from the souls of animals; of the inner essences which make things to be what they are; of the nature of truth and of being, of right and wrong, of sin and of justice, and above all, of God Himself, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, of His perfections, His Triune Personality, His love, His goodness, His justice, His generosity, His wisdom. Of all this Adam had an infused knowledge, altogether surpassing that of any of his descendants after him, all given to him as a gratuitous gift in order that he might do the work for which God had sent him into the world, and attain, when his time of probation was over, to that eternal joy of the beatific vision which was the end for which his Creator had designed him.

Beside all these wonderful gifts, bestowed upon man, and raising him to be indeed the image and the likeness of his God, so far as was possible to one made of the dust of the ground, God added external advantages necessary for their full enjoyment. Man had assigned to him for his place of abode a garden of delights. We need not imagine any inclosure different from the scenes around it. We need not suppose any Divine interference with animals and plants, with earth and air, for man's special benefit. There is many a balmy paradise in Eastern lands which would furnish a fit scene for the home of our first parents. The fruits and herbs, the honey and corn and grapes were their varied and their sufficient food. The care of the trees and the flowers, of the animals that sported around them; the contemplation of all nature's loveliness and order, of the laws which rule all things, and the distinctive character underlying each; and above all, and before all, the constant and intimate communion with God who fed their souls with a foretaste of the Beatific Vision during those days of unmixed joy—made the happy hours and days glide by in an

unbroken round of continual happiness. Earth brought forth for them no briars or brambles. God had chosen for them a spot where no thorn pierced the unwary foot or careless hand, or if such were to be found, He exercised over them a protection and a guiding care, a watchful providence that kept their steps, so that no care or anxiety, no pain or sorrow of body or of mind interfered with their unalloyed felicity.

I will recapitulate those gratuitous and supernatural gifts given to primeval innocence. God gave to Adam and Eve at their creation the gift of *supernatural grace*, which gave to them, so far as was possible to those still in a state of probation upon earth, a share in the Divine Beauty of God Himself. He gave to them *original justice*, by means of which their nature was ordered with such perfect harmony that there was no rebellion of the lower against the higher nature, no concupiscence, no temptations of the flesh. He gave them *exemption from all sickness and death*, from all pain and disease, so that, their time of trial over, they would, had they been faithful, have floated peacefully into the enjoyment of the Beatific Vision, carried on angels' wings from earth to Heaven. He gave them *dominion over the whole earth* and all its inhabitants, and to qualify them for this dominion He gave them *all the moral virtues, all intellectual perfections* in a degree unknown to their children after them; He poured into them an intimate acquaintance with all things around them, surpassing all that man has attained after six centuries of study and research into the physical world of all the material sciences, of those higher branches of knowledge which treat of the inner constitution of things, of the first principles which are the foundation of all; nay, of the unseen and of God Himself, and all that belongs to things Divine. And, last of all, in order that they might enjoy all this undisturbed, He fenced them in with external tranquillity and happiness without alloy—gave them a home which deserved the name of the paradise of pleasure, and a life which corresponded rather to the ecstasy of the saints than to the ordinary life of mortal man.

R. F. C.

A Modern Catholic Poet.

THE need of a literature strictly Catholic is growing more urgently upon us day by day. The multitude of works that issue from the press, harmless as many among the number may be in point of morality, are, and at best can be, but colourless as regards those sobering tints so necessary to afford the true light in which to view the incidents they describe or the opinions they put forward. It would not be a difficult task to enumerate a score of writers, the result of whose efforts is read, and read indeed with profit of a certain mundane stamp, by our fellow-Catholics; but it must be at the same time clear that the minds of these readers are with respect to many points surrounded, as they make their way through the book, by an atmosphere unwholesome if it is only because certain healthy elements are wanting to its composition. Even then, supposing that we lay aside, as out of the question, those works which have positive evil or erroneous principles praised or inculcated in them, still the interesting frivolities of many an author and authoress must fall under the ban on account of their complete want of that loftier spirit of wisdom, "in comparison with which all the gold" of their pages "is but as a little sand." Far otherwise the truly Catholic writer. Whether his book be poetry or prose, a stately epic or the short-lived novel of a season, his faith will make itself manifest, and without marring one particle of the interest, he will invariably bid farewell to his reader, leaving in his heart a deep under-current of true religious feeling. And if so it be that he has the inbreathing of real genius, that he is gifted with subtlety in thought and brilliancy in wording, then will his sway over men be startling and wonderful, and his sayings, weighty with everlasting truth, ring from one end of the language to the other. Soaring with noble ambition above the puny excellencies of this world, unsatisfying as they necessarily must be to the soul, he will strive, and strive successfully, to make more clear

and more loveable that Infinite Good and Excellence, the desire for which lies inborn in every toiler on the face of God's earth. Truly will he speak victories, for his sublime eloquence, scrupulously faithful to the Divine law, and consequently beaming with the rays of Divine wisdom, will appeal to principles stronger in us than that of human love, more deeply ingrained in us than that of self-preservation.

A mind of this mighty range, however, appears but once in many centuries. Meanwhile, in his own degree, every Catholic writer who clings firmly to the truths of faith as the unerring guide of his reasonings, is steadily adding to the force which will sooner or later shatter the strength of foes utterly divided against each other, save in their common and instinctive hatred of the Immaculate Bride of Christ. Amongst those who have spent nearly a lifetime of steadfast effort in the good cause, is the subject of our paper.

Many long years have slipped by since Mr. Aubrey de Vere gave to the world the first outcome of his poetical talent. Since that early time his pen has scarcely ever been laid aside. His muse has for the most part devoted herself to themes closely interwoven with the story of his native country. His *Legends of St. Patrick* and *Irish Odes* are the tribute he has paid to the land of his birth. Nor has he forgotten that island, whence in no remote past his "forbears" crossed the sea to find new resting-places in Ireland. The *Legends of the Saxon Saints* mark the reverential love he has for those who by their labours and virtues gained for it the admiration of Christendom and the title of Mary's Dower. But especially has he striven to rear an enduring monument to that greatest of Saxon saints, who in defence of his Church yielded his life valiantly in the Cathedral, whose weather-beaten towers still raise their grey heads over the meadows and fields of England's Garden. And last of all concentrating his powers on a theme, lofty and inspiring, he has in his *Alexander the Great* given us a dramatic poem which fulfils every hope his previous efforts had fostered. This beautiful and gifted composition merits more than a passing notice, and consequently we need scarce apologize to our readers for devoting a page or two to a more extended survey of it.

The wits of the last century could find no more complimentary title for Alexander than that of the Macedonian madman; but, as Mr. De Vere tells us in his Preface: "Maturer

reflection has led us to the discovery that a fool's luck helping a robber's ambition could hardly have enabled a youth but twenty-two years of age when he began his enterprise to conquer half the world in ten years." The spirited, clear-sighted, and yet selfishly proud character of the hero himself has afforded the author a splendid subject on which to spend the great powers he has at his disposal. The deep subtlety, the all-embracing ambition, the inborn power of command and its natural result, the unmeasured self-will, are all brought out in bold relief as the story guides us from Sestos to the Granicus, from the Granicus to Tyre, and from Tyre through the other cities and lands, where the scene is laid, till we hear at Babylon :

Sirs, know the truth : this sickness is to death :
The King must die.

In good truth we cannot rise from the perusal of the poem with the complaint of the Greek mutineer :

Would that Alexander were taller ; so should we have a sight of him !

We have indeed got "a reasonably sized giant" before us. Not an ogre or monster with parts disproportionate to the whole, but a living man, who, like Shakespeare's Hotspur or Lord Tennyson's King Arthur, stands out sharply and accurately defined, a figure we carry away with us in our minds, ever after to be clothed with the almost real life of the imagination. Who, that has read the indignant outburst with which Alexander cows his mutinous soldiery, does not feel that the hero, who, young as he is, yet sticks not to beard an armed and tumultuous mob and quells them by the very ascendancy of his inborn powers, is not a mere figment of the poet's brain but a being of living flesh and blood in the full flow of feeling and passion with the rest of earth's denizens ? His rapid sketch of the toils and victories he and his warriors have shared together is the splendid outcome of a powerful mind stirred up to strain its energies to the utmost :

Forget ye, sirs, the things ye saw—the states
Redeemed of Lesser Asia, our own blood,
The states subdued, first Syria, then Phœnicia,
Old Tyre the war-winged tigress of the seas,
And Egypt next ? The Pyramids broad-based
Desecring far our advent rocked for fear
Above their buried kings : Assyria bowed :

The realm of Ninus fought upon her knees
 Not long : the realm of Cyrus kissed the dust :
 From lost Granicus rang the vanquished wail
 To Issus : on Arbela's plain it died.
 Chaldæa, Persis, Media, Susiana—
 We stepped above these corpses in our might
 To Parthia and Hyrcania, Bactriana,
 And Scythia's endless waste.

And so on for more lines than we have space to insert. The leader's position is one of immense danger. His power, depending merely on the ever doubtful trustiness of these half-disciplined mountaineers, is trembling on the verge of destruction. His own life would seem not worth an hour's purchase. But the hero is true to himself and the crisis is surmounted. The army recognizes its master and submits :

Third Mutineer. We must throng unto the palace and throw down our arms : we must kneel in the courts day by day, and lie before the gates. He will come out and forgive us, and lead us with him to Ecbatana.

And so the mighty Conqueror runs on his way till he reaches the bounds assigned him by Providence. Persia he may subdue, but the monarchy of the world belongs only to the Prince of Peace ; all other empires have limit and term, and Alexander's is no exception to the rule. The moment arrives when Socrates warns his fellow generals :

At midnight hope surceased. The fever sank ;
 With it his strength. He bade them bear him hither :
 He speaks not since.

And Alexander leaves the scene of his triumphs and grandeur.

The greatest spirit that ever trod this earth
 Has passed from earth. He swifter than the morn,
 O'er-rushed the globe. Expectant centuries
 Condensed themselves into a few brief years
 To work his will ; and all the buried ages
 Summed their old wealth, to enrich for man's behoof
 With virtuous wisdom one Olympian mind
 Which, grappling all things—needing not experience—
 Yet scorned no diligence, the weapons shaped
 Itself, that hewed its way, nor left to others
 The pettiest of those cares that, small themselves,
 Are rivets which make whole the mail of greatness.

Many of the other characters in the poem will repay a careful study. Hephestion, the self-sacrificing and true friend

the Patroclus to this second Achilles, whose death comes upon us almost as a personal loss; old Parmenio too, half honest rough English grumbler, half vindictive Greek traitor, who nevertheless excites enough interest in us to explain the ever awakening remorse in Alexander's breast for his execution; the gentle Arsinoe and the murderous leech, Phylax; all these are well and skilfully drawn. But we must pass on. A score of pages would not suffice us to touch on the many beauties that abound in the work. We can only recommend those of our readers who have time and inclination for such a study to make a careful perusal of this, the finest of Mr. Aubrey de Vere's poems.

Let us now turn to the *Legends of St. Patrick* and cull one bright blossom from the poetic wreath there displayed. We choose *The Striving of St. Patrick on Mount Cruachan*. The story is a household one to dwellers in the Green Isle, but possibly not so well known to those whose Church is less closely bound up with the Apostolate of Patrick. The glory and the pride of it will ever be the possession of the children of Ierne; but the soul-stirring incidents belong by right to all who have wit to understand and heart to feel their true import.

St. Patrick has succeeded in his life-effort. The land of his choice is Catholic. Not an idol but lies in pieces, not a sacrificial grove but has bowed its crests before the Christian axe, not a Pagan priest but has embraced the new Faith and cleansed himself in the laver of Baptism. The Kings of the North, the Kings of the South, Eochaid of Clochar and Aengus of Cashel, all have submitted to the easy yoke and light burden. Ard-macha has been chosen as the seat of primacy, and its rough monarch Dairè, after scourges from God like Pharaoh of old, has, unlike his fore-type, bent before the resistless gentleness of Heaven's Ambassador.

And now the end is at hand. Near six score winters have beaten on Patrick's forehead, and the scanty locks that flight of time and weary anxious brain-toil have spared are white as the driven snow in the sequestered glens of his own Donegal. But all is not yet accomplished. Past sins may be washed out, present graces may be raining down through the length and breadth of the land, the isle may be a very monastery of prayer and good works—but what of the future? Would this people that had been so docile and tractable, would their descendants be true to his work? Would a time never come in the lapse of

years when prosperity with its alluring snares, or tyranny with its shrivelling grasp, would gradually, but none the less surely, sap that Faith, which it had been his holy pride, his holy consolation, his holy ambition to weld deep into their hearts. The present may be said in a way to be our own ; God Almighty alone rules the future. And so Patrick prepares, like the Father of Israel, to wrestle with the Dispenser of benefits for the sake of his well-beloved children, and wild Mayo is chosen as the scene of his last labour.

The great Lent Fast had come :
 Its first three days went by ; the fourth, he rose,
 And meeting his disciples that drew nigh
 Vouchsafed this greeting only : " Bide ye here
 Till I return," and straightway set his face
 Alone to that great hill " of eagles " named,
 Huge Cruachan, that o'er the western deep
 Hung through sea-mist, with shadowing crag on crag,
 High ridged, and dateless forest long since dead,
 That forest reached, the Angel of the Lord
 Beside him, as he entered, stood and spake :
 " The gifts thy soul demands, demand them not ;
 For they are mighty and immeasurable
 And over great for granting." And the Saint :
 " This mountain Cruachan I will not leave
 Alive till all be granted, to the last."

And so he resolutely sets himself to gain his heart-wish. But the task is no slight one. Stupendous is the reward, stupendous must be the struggle for it. The realm of Hell rouses itself to bring his confidence to nought, and Patrick is allowed by Heaven to endure a combat as sharp and prolonged as that whilom gone through by the Theban monk. In circling storm the Powers of Darkness besiege the clouded steeps of Cruachan. Infinitely near they may approach, but never can they touch him, so long as his faith remains firm and unshaken.

Thus ruin filled the mountain : day by day
 The forest torment deepened ; louder roared
 The great aisles of the devastated woods ;
 Black cave replied to cave ; and oaks, whole ranks,
 Fell in long line, like deep-ruined castle wall,
 At either side God's warrior. Slowly died
 At last, far echoed in remote ravine,
 The thunder : then crept forth a little voice
 That shrilly whispered to him thus in scorn :
 " Two thousand years yon race hath walked in blood
 Neck-deep ; and shall it serve thy Lord of Peace ?"

That whisper ceased. Again from all sides burst
Tenfold the storm ; and as it waxed, the Saint
Waxed in strong heart ; and kneeling with stretched hands,
Made for himself a panoply of prayer,
And bound it round his bosom twice and thrice,
And made a sword of comminating psalm,
And smote at them that mocked him. Day by day,
Till now the second Sunday's Vesper bell
Gladdened the little churches round the isle,
That conflict raged : then, maddening in their ire,
Sudden the Princedoms of the dark, that rode
This way and that way through the tempest, brake
Their sceptres, and with one great cry it fell :
At once o'er all was silence : sunset lit
The world, that shone as though with face upturned
It gazed on heavens by angel faces thronged,
And answered light with light. A single bird
Carolled ; and from the forest the skirt down fell,
Gem-like, the last drops of the exhausted storm.

Then, with forehead to the ground, a sacred trance for days and
nights holds him in its embrace, and with unseen sacraments God
feeds the fasting Saint. All this has happened at the mountain's
base, but now Patrick climbs as far as the middle of the ascent,
and there with fresh vigour falls to his self-set task again, and
again the denizens of Hell swarm round. The picture of the
resolute apostle is well drawn.

Unshaken there he knelt with hands outstretched,
God's athlete ! For a mighty prize he strove ;
Nor slacked, nor any whit his forehead bowed :
Fixed was his eye and keen ; the whole white face
Keen as that eye itself, though—shapeless yet—
The infernal horde to ear not eye addressed
Their battle. Back he drave them, rank on rank,
Routed, with psalm, and malison, and ban,
As from a sling flung forth.

Vanquished by his steadfastness "with one long cry" they
leave him, and after three days of sorely-needed rest, he makes
his toilsome ascent to the very summit of the hill. There, like
his Master in Gethsemane, he sets himself in prayer for the
third time, and for the third time, more furiously than ever

The host accursed, sagacious of his act,
Rushed back from all the isle, and round him met
With anger seven times heated, since their hour,
And this they knew, was come.

Holy Saturday with its Paschal Mass brings him final relief
from the terrible assault, but having no certainty as yet that

his prayer has been granted, he stands on the lonely hill-top,
the tears chasing one another down his furrowed cheeks as he
thinks of the chance of his beloved Gaels turning their backs on
the Crucified One.

As thus he wept
Sudden beside him on that summit broad,
Ran out a golden beam, like sunset path
Gilding the sea : and, turning, by his side,
Victor, God's Angel, stood with lustrous brow
Fresh from that Face no man can see and live.

The Angel, strengthening his mortal sight, shows him how
the mount is encircled by celestial hosts, while their heavenly
Love-song floating to his ear soothes his weary and vexed heart.
He is promised that the fierce race he pleads for shall for long
be meek and fervent Christians, that the conquering foe shall
not only fail to quell the people's faith, but overcome by that
same Faith shall "serve and love," that, though riches may one
day cause the land to shame its Faith, there shall yet be many
who have never left their covenant with God and shall escape
the doom. And when Patrick still answers "That is not
enough," the Angel foretells that, as a special mercy, seven
years before the Dreadful Coming a mighty wave, "arched out
of the deep," shall sweep the isle and take her children to its
peace.

And Patrick answered, "That is not enough."

The Angel asks him what more he demanded.

And the Saint, "No less
Than this. Though every nation, ere that day
Recreant from creed and Christ, old troth forsworn,
Should flee the sacred scandal of the Cross
Through pride, as once the Apostles fled through fear,
This nation of my love, a priestly house
Beside that Cross shall stand, fate-firm, like him
That stood beside Christ's Mother."

Then sternly Victor rebukes him for his boldness in suing
for so vast and unmeasured a benison, and leaves him solitary.

The man of God
Turned to his offering ; and all day he stood
Offering in heart that offering undefiled
Which Abel offered, and Melchisedek,
And Abraham, Patriarch of the faithful race,

In type, and which, in fulness of the times,
The Victim-Priest offered on Calvary,
And, bloodless, offers still in Heaven and Earth,
Whose impetration makes the whole Church one.

This unbending trust can have but one result from Him,
who has said, "Ask, and ye shall receive." Victor returns and
gladdens Patrick's heart with the promise he has been craving.

"Many a race
Shrivelling in sunshine of its prosperous years,
Shall cease from faith, and, shamed though shameless, sink
Back to its native clay ; but over thine
God shall extend the shadow of His hand,
And through the night of centuries teach to her
In woe that song which, when the nations wake,
Shall sound their glad deliverance.

Thy nation shall not walk
Accordant with the Gentiles of this world,
But as a race elect sustain the Crown
Or bear the Cross."

Then Patrick knelt and blessed the land, and said :
"Praise be to God who hears the sinner's prayer."

The poem speaks for itself. Commentary is unnecessary. It, like the rest of the Irish Odes and Legends, is the work of a mind, which following the example of St. Patrick himself, is full of love for the places and people among whom its lot has been cast, makes itself one with them, and spends itself in efforts to raise that people to a high appreciation of their exalted position in the designs of their Creator.

With one more short extract we will bring our paper to a close. But for this we will wend our way back to our own land, darkened for the last three hundred years by the mantling veil of misbelief and wearily dragging out her punishment for past misdeeds, but still in the midst of much evil aiming in a blurred, ill-directed way at much good, full even yet of that splendid material, from which was of yore built up saint after saint, and, if it so please God, in no distant future again to shine out the devoted daughter of the Church, as in the days when our good old forefathers raised those glorious churches and abbeys, which scattered through city and vale, after centuries of desolation, still bear a silent witness to the sterling character of their Catholicity. To the most beautiful of these we will now take the reader. If he has ever stood near Fountains' ruin when the

summer day was waning, and the boisterous mirth of the honest but incongruous excursionists, dying away with the last echoes of their waggonette wheels, has ceased to torment the soul-filling quiet of that charming glade, we think he will allow that the following lines give full expression to the thoughts that then filled his mind.

The hand of Time is heavy ; yet how soft
 Its touch can be, yon mouldering chancel knows !
 The ruin too can " blossom like the rose ;"
 Nor e'er from orchard bower, or garth, or croft,
 More sweetly sang the linnets than aloft
 She sings from that green tower ! The sunset glows
 Behind it ; and yon stream that, darkling, flows
 From arch to arch, reflects it oft and oft,
 Humbly consenting 'mid the gloom to smile
 And take what pensive gladness may befall :
 Rejoice thou, too, O venerable Pile,
 With loftier heart answering a holier call :
 Like those, thy buried saints, make strong thy trust,
 Waiting the Resurrection of the Just.

Mr. Aubrey de Vere occupies the undisputed and enviable position of the chief Catholic poet of the day, Catholic not alone in his belief, but also in the principles which he so unflinchingly and yet persuasively inculcates throughout his works. To do this he has had to leave far on one side the track beaten easy and smooth by the frequent tread of our other modern English poets. They have grown up and allowed the world to mould them as it liked, and now are repaying their old instructor in his own coin by playing the part of under-ushers to the numerous and inquisitive generation that is fast rising up around them. Not so Mr. de Vere. He may be solitary, as that other great poet was solitary, who "fell on evil times ;" but it is the grand solitude of a mighty mountain peak clad in its white robe of purity, and reaching near to heaven and far from earth. His works may not acquire popularity in the dubious sense which that word has in its application to poetry of our times.

Yet—if the theme be grovelling or impure,
 The verse is mortal :—it shall not endure :
 Virtue's the vital spark, the deathless soul,
 That must pervade and animate the whole.

And it is precisely this vital spark and deathless soul that exists throughout Mr. de Vere's poetry. Steady assertion of high principle, true nobility of feeling, and robust clinging to

the great truths taught of Christianity, will achieve for him a renown in the future, when the clouds of doubt and disappointment and apathy, which now darken the face of the land, shall have begun in good earnest to give place to the clear Light that illumines every mind that desires It. The great lesson he has set himself to teach is that, after all man can do, he is not brought to his most perfect development by mere cerebration, conscious or unconscious, and still less by the ruthless despotism of deliberate self-indulgence, but rather that the words put into the mouth of the Last of the Apostles concerning "all that is in the world" are as true now as they were eighteen centuries ago, that "humble faith and humble prayer are the only things that can build up the perfect man," and finally, that systems which may produce erudition, but never bring forth sanctity, are untrustworthy, despicable, and worthless.

C. J. N.

The Pound of Flesh.

THE persistence and original identity of so many legends, traditions, and superstitions, however diversified the forms they may assume to adapt them to varying circumstances or different peoples, is one of those facts which is constantly receiving corroboration as the world grows older. How many material evidences have not the investigators of Egypt and Assyria, excavators in Greece, Italy, and Asia Minor, and explorers all the world over, furnished of the veracity of early writers whose chronicles were slighted with incredulity, if not absolutely rejected with scepticism! And during the last two centuries, has not the ever-extending knowledge of Indian antiquity disclosed a thousand chains of thought or tradition between Europe and its literature and the dim past of the distant East? Everywhere around us lie stray links of such chains; and the study of popular traditions which, during the last half century, has received such a remarkable impulse, has rescued many of them from the rust of time or from the melting-pot of our iron civilization, wherein such sentimental relics are like to disappear. Occasionally, however, it is given to a few, with equal industry, erudition, and judgment, not merely to recover a few of these scattered links, but, as Professor Max Müller has done in the case of the fable of the milk jug, retrieve an entire concatenation, from the modern nursery tale to the ancient Sanscrit parable. If such complete genealogies can be made out but in few cases, there is at least ample evidence that many of our most pithy plots of play or romance have come down to us through the middle ages from a much more remote past.

It is probable that none of the plots of Shakspeare's plays are original. Critics and investigators, rummagers in the lumber-rooms of literature, have discovered the sources whence he drew the rough materials which he has chiselled into forms of perfect beauty and endowed with immortality. The *Merchant of Venice* is undoubtedly one of his most perfect works. The plot

is derived from stories current in his time, which have a living interest still, from the strange belief perpetuated in popular tradition that the Jews are given to the practice of certain obscure rites involving the murder of a Christian child. ~~Within~~ the last year or two this belief has reappeared in Russia, Italy, and Hungary. In the last-named country, public prosecution testified to its reality, and a young Jew was brought forward to give evidence of the fact. The result of the trial was the complete acquittal of the accused, ~~but~~ we very much doubt whether public, or at all events popular, opinion in Hungary was convinced by the verdict.

It is not easy to decide from which of the various shapes in which this belief was current in his time Shakspeare borrowed the plot of the *Merchant of Venice*, or whether he first combined the story of the caskets with that of the bond.

The form of the story extant which bears the nearest resemblance to the Bond portion of the *Merchant of Venice*, is the first tale in the fourth Giornata of the *Pecorone* of Ser Giovanni. Il Pecorone, or the "Dunce," was a name assumed in accordance with a custom frequent among the Italian academicians of the middle ages, who sometimes styled themselves *Insensati*, *Stolidi*, &c., appellations, as Dunlop caustically remarks, in which there was not always so much irony as they imagined. The Tales in Ser Giovanni's *Pecorone* were begun in 1378, but were not published till 1550 at Milan.

The story is briefly this. Giannotto conducts a mercantile expedition on his patron Ansaldo's account to Alexandria; on his voyage he puts in with his richly-laden vessel at the Port of Belmont, where a lady of great wealth had announced herself as the prize of any person who could overpower her. Giannotto, who relishes the adventure and resolves upon the attempt, is entertained at her palace, is defeated by the soporific effects of ingredients which had been mixed with his wine, and, according to the stipulation, forfeits his vessel to her. He returns to his attack with a second vessel, and meeting with no better success, refits a third time, but to enable him to do so Ansaldo is forced to borrow ten thousand ducats from a Jew on the security of a pound of flesh. The third visit results in Giannotto's marriage with the lady; in the bliss of the honeymoon, however, he entirely forgets the expiry of the term fixed in the bond. The Jew will be satisfied with nothing less than the pound of flesh. The bride appears in the same way, and with the same result as Portia.

8025 P. 234

Gosson, in his *School of Abuse*, published in 1579, mentions a play called *the Jew*,¹ in which it is supposed Shakspeare may have found his materials ready to hand. But the play is lost.

Among the old English ballads is one which contains the story of the Bond and the Pound of Flesh,² and which may have been derived from the same sources whence Shakspeare drew.

These two embodiments of the tale are nearer Shakspeare both in point of time and similitude than other versions of the story which we find. The old Latin repertory called the *Gesta Romanorum* contains the anecdotes both of the caskets and of the pound of flesh, but they are entirely distinct and occur in two separate parts of the collection.

Here the lady is the daughter of the Emperor of Rome, or in other versions the contract is between a Christian merchant and a knight, and the pound of flesh is demanded from the borrower himself who is the principal in the contract. The relations are found inverted in a story related in Gregorio Leti's *Life of Sixtus the Fifth*; where a Jew offers a pound of his flesh to a Christian.³

But we have by no means done here, and curiously enough we find the story in the New World in connection with the name of our countryman Drake, the episode having occurred, according to Gracian, a Spanish historian, at the conquest of St. Domingo, while Del Rio in his *Disquisitiones on Magic*⁴ says the incident really happened at Constantinople between a Christian and a Jew, and that Soliman's judgment was invoked in the settlement of the case.

The foregoing instances will show the wide diffusion of the

¹ The passage of Gosson, who is making exceptions in favour of certain plays from his "pleasant invective against poets, pipers, plaiers, jesters, and such like caterpillars of a Commonwealth," reads; "and as some of the players are farre from abuse, so some of their playes are without rebuke, which are easily remembered, as quickly rekoned. The two prose bookes played at the Belsavage, where, you shall finde, never a word without witte, never a line without pith, never a letter placed in vaine. *The Jew* and Ptolome, showne at the Bull; the one representing the greedinesse of worldly chusers, and bloody mindes of usurers," &c. The expressions *worldly chusers* and *bloody mindes of usurers* have been thought to apply respectively to the casket story and the pound of flesh incident.

² Bishop Percy's *Reliques*, Series i. b. 2. n. 11. "A new song shewing the crueltie of Gernutus, a Jew, who, lending to a merchant a hundred crownes, would have a pound of his fleshe, because he could not pay him at the day appointed. *To the tune of Black and Yellow.*"

³ Dunlop's *History of Fiction*, 1816, vol. ii. p. 376.

⁴ *Delrius, Disquisitionum Magicarum libri iv. Præamb.* p. 530. Ed. Colon. 1657.

legend which Shakspeare has crystallized and immortalized. Other instances might be named, did we not fear to abuse the reader's patience.⁵

Like so much else in faith or fiction, the story, or at least its kernel, has been credited with an Eastern origin. It is found in the *Moonshee*,⁶ a collection of Persian tales, the date of which is not far remote from that of the *Pecorone*, in the adventures of *Almoradin*,⁷ and in other works of about the same date. Hence many critics have considered that the legend is derived from the East. But though Asia is not distinguished by receptivity, still ever since the Campaigns of Alexander the Great it has not wholly escaped the importation of Western ideas, and it is not impossible that the story may have originated in Europe and migrated Eastwards.

The philologists Grimm have at different times proposed two theories in explanation of the pound of flesh story. According to the first of these, the Jew's real object was to obtain heart's blood, which was the only remedy, as believed, for an intolerable malady from which he was suffering.⁸ In this way a curious connection is found with the Bluebeard legend, with which it has the common feature of the whetting of the knife, with that of Poor Henry. Poor Henry required the blood of a maiden to free him from his leprosy, and here the brothers Grimm recognize an analogy in the tale of Bluebeard—the colour of that worthy's beard, symbolizing a malady from which the virtues, not of his wives, but of their blood was to disencumber him. The plausibility of this conjecture is increased when we bear in mind the popular superstition that the Jews waylay children, in order to obtain a supply of their blood, originally for healing purposes. Such superstitions, it is scarcely necessary to say, date back often to a remote antiquity, and, as the recent trials in Hungary, as well as the outbursts against the Jews, which of late have been so frequent in Russia, prove, die hard. While on the one hand such events illustrate the persistence of the notion in our own day, there is on the other hand evidence to show that similar beliefs prevailed in the time of Shakspeare.

⁵ As in Græsse's *Sagenkreise*, p. 302; Von der Hagen's *Gesammtabenteuer*, vol. iii. p. cxxxviii.; and the *Germania*, vol. ix. p. 188.

⁶ Gladwin's *Persian Moonshee*, No. 13. See also the *British Magazine* for 1800, p. 159.

⁷ In the French story of *Abdallah, the son of Hanif*. See *Bibliothèque des Romans*, for 1778, January, vol. i. p. 112.

⁸ See *Der Arme Heinrich*. Edition of 1815, p. 174.

In the ninety-fifth declamation of a work called *The Orator*, published in 1596, the Jew in enumerating the uses to which he could put the flesh is made to say, "I might also say that I have need of this flesh to heal a friend from a certain malady which is otherwise incurable." In the German popular story-book (Volksbuch) *Hirlanda*, a Jew advises a leprous king to seek the blood of a new-born child as a remedy. In the Arthurian romances, King Arthur goes to Ireland to be healed by a bath of blood.⁹ Again in the romance of Milles and Amys or Amylot, which belongs to the Carolingian cycle, the blood of two children is required to purge Amys from leprosy which he had contracted in his wanderings to the East. His friend Milles at once decapitates his two babes as they lay in their bed, and thus most unpaternally supplies Amys with the required lotion. The children, however, the reader is relieved to learn, were shortly after found, reunited to their heads and playing with a golden apple which Christ had given them.

The traditional story respecting the baptism of Constantine the Great is based in a similar legend. He was suffering from leprosy and had been recommended by the heathen physicians, as the only remedy, to have prepared for him a bath of the blood of newly-slain children. Orders had been given for the carrying out of the barbarous advice, when the holy Pope Silvester dissuaded the Emperor from so great a crime, promising that if he would receive Christian Baptism instead, he should be cured at once of the malady. Constantine consented, and on coming out of the waters of Baptism, his flesh like Naaman's was pure and white as a little child's.¹⁰

In all these accounts the reader will not fail to be struck with the use for which the blood is required, for it is simply as old and as wide-spread as the human race itself. Among the rudest rites of savages, as in the mythology of cultured Greece in the natural religion of primitive mankind, or by Divine ordinance among the chosen people, we find everywhere prevailing a belief in propitiation by blood. Sinful stain must be purged, transgression punished. The incongruous legends of barbarous tribes, the confused myths of the middle ages, have the same foundation as that upon which the Greek ideal Iphigenia arose.

⁹ See in Merlin. A. P. Paris, *Romans de la Table Ronde*, tome ii. p. 60.

¹⁰ Modern criticism has set aside this story as a pious invention. Constantine was really baptized only a short time before his death by one of the Semi-Arian Bishops of Nicomedia.

A Prometheus is still believed by some of the wild tribes of the Caucasus to be enduring his punishment in the weird silence of their lonely peaks. In the West of the middle ages he is replaced by Gregory doing penance for long years on a solitary rock in mid-ocean. The deathless Carthophilus wandering his weary centuries through, Cain rolling round his ceaseless circuit¹¹ in his barrel lined with spikes which are powerless against his life, Judas buffeted by the waves, his sole protection from the elements the niggardly few feet of cloth he once bestowed upon a beggar—what are all these, and numbers of like traditions, but testimonies to that feeling so deeply seated in humanity, that sentiment which has had such a grip of men's minds in every healthy society—the recognition of expiation for sin?

In the Celtic legend of Peredur ap Ewrac, Peredur¹² is punished for not seeking an explanation of the mystic bowl and blood-dripping lance. And in the beautiful Christian story of the Holy Graal, offences are similarly visited with chastisement. May we not recognize that this sentiment of expiation, and moreover expiation by blood, so deeply implanted in man, was to have its manifestation in some way or other to the end of the world? The most corrupt forms of natural worship, even human sacrifices, are but perverse attempts to comply with this requirement. The Jewish religion had its bloody sacrifices, and my readers need not be reminded how they all passed away when the Divine Victim offered to God His Precious Blood upon the Cross, and how that One Sacrifice for sins made for ever is perpetuated in the Unbloody Sacrifice of the Altar, making all other sacrifices null and void.

Et antiquum documentum
Novo cedat ritui.

This belief then in the need of expiation seems universal. Only in the more corrupt phases of national life, such for instance as the later times of Roman antiquity where luxury and scepticism unbrace mankind, and unfit it for physical as for moral struggles, does this belief seem to grow dim until some purifying and regenerative catastrophe beget penitence and re-awaken fervour.

¹¹ In the Carlovingian romance of *Huon of Bordeaux*.

¹² See *Huon of Bordeaux*.

At a subsequent period the Grimms proposed a legal and historical elucidation of Shylock's contract.¹³ They see in the story a reference to the right of a creditor in Roman law to kill or sell one bounden to him for debt, or of several creditors to divide or mutilate the person of the debtor.¹⁴

Grimm further regards the story as allegorizing the victory of the milder principle of *æquitas* over the *jus strictum*, which latter, however, as he goes on to remark, is not abrogated but rather defeated by the *jus strictissimum* whereby the judge exacts the precise performance of the covenant by cutting. To this *jus strictissimum* the Roman law was a stranger, for it expressly declared "*si pluribus addictus sit [i.e., the debtor] partes secanto si plus minusve secuerint se [sine] fraude esto.*" But may we not look upon the whole story as mirroring the triumph of Christian principles over the harder maxims of antiquity, and of the sway of mercy, "mightiest in the mightiest?"

¹³ Of course there have been writers who explain, the Bluebeard legend as they do everything else by the "Solar Myth." Mr. Dillaye, who evidently revels in cosmical interpretations, makes the colour of the beard of that blue-black hue which is seen on a crow's wing (*si noire qu'elle a des reflets bleus*) merely the night endeavouring to kill and conceal his wife who is the daylight (Dillaye, *Contes de Perrault*, p. 218).

¹⁴ Niebuhr's *Roman History*, ii. p. 314.

The Lady of Raven's Combe.

CHAPTER III.

GREENHAVEN may be called, for want of a better term, a restricted place. There is not much in it, and there could hardly be more; for its extent is limited by nature, its advantages by absence. But it suited the stranger's case well, because it turned his mind, in some degree, from his own heart-weariness to the tiresome monotony that it proposed as a subject of morning meditation. Having gone to bed early because he had no books with him, he rose early because he could sleep no longer; and, as early rising was an anachronism in the hotel, he had to wait nearly two hours for breakfast, with the alternative before him of reading a county directory or looking out of the window at some men sawing stone. He walked up to the window, but on looking out, preferred the directory. After a while he examined the room, and found in a corner, *Rome, the Babylon of the Apocalypse*.

"If the Apocalypse is what it claims to be," he said quite aloud, "Babylon certainly could not be the Rome of the Popes. I know enough to know that. How odd it is that people who believe in a personal God and a future state can rebel against the only living authority they have for it! They are like fractious children trying to upset their bread and milk, and still more like a truant boy throwing mud at his mother. The stone-cutting and the stone-hammering and the white impenetrable monotony are better than feeding on such washy garbage as this."

Thereupon he planted himself at the window, and looking out vaguely, wondered whether the nearest sawyer believed in final causes.

A little before eight o'clock breakfast was brought in, and at nine a horse was brought to the door. He was an iron-grey

of nearly seventeen hands, leggy and upright-shouldered, with a big head that he carried up and out.

"What is he meant for, as a rule?" said the stranger.

"Well, sir, he *is* a rum un to look at," answered the ostler: "but he's the usefulest beast as we could have. Master hunts him a bit in the winter, and he carries Mr. Brisket, the butcher, with the yeomanry, and he draws the light 'bus when he's wanted, and takes the visitors about, all through the summer, in a waggonette, and never says 'no' to his grub."

"And would do for a lighthouse, if you put a lantern on the top of his head," said the stranger, giving a glance at the girths and letting out the stirrups two holes.

"And he's werry good for the liver complaint, Bill," said a flyman who stood by. "I rode him once, and he a'most shook the inside out of me."

"Nevertheless," thought the stranger, as he mounted and rode away, "the beast will carry me somehow. Would that I were as sure of myself as I am of him! I can understand him, but not myself. He fulfils in a way the end for which he was bred; but I have no end, that I know of, to fulfil, except of swearing that I feel the gladness of true heroism at the prospect of living in posthumous activity and leaving the trash I have picked up to be improved by minds that will have a deeper knowledge of matter. What are the people made of who look into this grinning mockery of a future life and tell us to fall down and worship the hideous phantom? If it is as they say, we can't help it; but to find pleasure in feeling solemn about great-grandsons who are to strut and fret their hour upon the stage of modern progress and then melt into the infinite azure of the past, is a piece of tomfoolery that would exceed belief, if I hadn't seen it in black and white and heard it over and over again till I am sick of the intolerable humbug."

Before he could answer the question his soliloquy was broken into by a prolonged and heavy trip on the part of the big iron-grey.

"Well saved," muttered the stranger. "This is a broad hint not to be wool-gathering when I am in this manner mounted."

Not knowing how far he might have to go, he rode slowly, and not knowing the road, he lost his way more than once. Just before twelve o'clock he pulled up at the White Hart in Lyncham. It was market day, and there was a sheep-fair

going on, and a monthly sale of horses, and an indignation-meeting against a Ritualistic perpetual curate, and a meeting to give somebody a tea-pot as a reward for being very much respected. He rode into the yard, meaning to put up and make incidental inquiries there concerning the black horse; but there were eyes and ears all about, the question began to seem awkward, and the Englishman's dread of looking like a fool came over him. At last he made a compromise with his own shyness.

"Who lives near here?" he asked, as he was leaving the yard.

"There's Sir Roger Arden, sir, at Bramscote," answered the ostler, "and Squire Sherborne over at Hazeley, and——Coming directly. Beg your pardon, sir, but they're a-wanting me."

"Well but——Does any one ride a black horse in this neighbourhood?"

"Sir Roger do, sir."

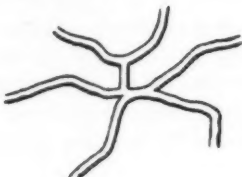
With this amount of information the stranger went into the White Hart, where he ordered a mutton chop, abstained from further questioning, and wondered whether the waiter was aware of being incorporated with the glorious future of his race. After luncheon he went outside and looked about him, on the chance of what he might see or hear, but made no progress in his quest. Before one he was in the saddle again.

"By-the-bye, which is the way to Bramscote?" he said, half pulling up as he rode out of the yard.

"You goes out this way, sir, to the left," said the ostler; and then you must take the other road that comes across from Pilston Street and bear off by Grumpington Gorse—and mind you keeps by the water-meadows, or you will get too much to the right—and when you've got up to Busbury Hill you'll come to five roads where there's a finger-post (but there isn't nothing on it) and you take the middle road, and then the left, and then you must keep bearing to the right, along by Thornley Wood and down into Fernham village, and then you'll see the lodge right before you."

"Thank you," said the stranger; and he started on his way saying to himself, "Grumpington Gorse and Busbury Hill, and then three roads and a finger-post with nothing on it. Well! I suppose I shall find my way somehow." He found his way to Grumpington Gorse by seeing the hounds there, and Busbury Hill by seeing a windmill about a mile beyond. There was no

turning between the mill and the five roads ; but which was the middle one ? They went so :



"I was to turn to the left afterwards," he said ; "but which of these two roads am I to turn out of. I defy any one to say which is the middle one. Boy ! which is the way to Fernham ?"

A boy leading a lame cart-horse along the left of the two middle roads answered, "This here way, sir, round by Blumpstone Barn ;" and on went the iron-grey. Soon afterwards a road branched off towards the right, by a big barn in a small farmyard. Thornley Wood appeared at last on the side of a hill, and Fernham farther on, and then the lodge at Bramscote. In finding his way he had lost the thread of an important question, and it opened on him now without warning, while an old woman opened the gate.

"Suppose this isn't the man !" he thought. "I shall look like a fool, or as if I were trying to force my acquaintance on him. I had better ask what he looks like."

"Tell me one thing, please," said he to the old woman, "for I am not sure whether I have come to the right place or not. Is Sir Roger a young man ?"

"That *is* Sir Roger, sir," said she, "riding up the village."

He backed his horse, turned him in the direction named, and looked up nervously. One glance was enough.

"I see that I have made a mistake," he said. "But perhaps you can help me. The one I mean is quite young and handsome and active, and rides across country, and was going abroad when I met him this time last year."

"It might be Lord de Freville, sir, but he lives ten miles off at Freville Chase, right away by Exbourne."

"Come along, old grey," he said, "I am sorry to take you so far, but you shall have plenty of oats, and beans, too, somewhere ; and my weight won't hurt you. I have been the worst sort of fool—a reasoning fool—and I may as well try something without any reason in it for a change."

On inquiring at the public house, he found that he must go back to the five roads; and that was all that he could make out. But he had determined on going to Freville Chase and on he went. When he was near the five roads he met a farmer, who said, "You must keep to the left of Lyneham, and go along up the hill, round by the big clump of fir trees, and then go straight on through Little Otterford." He did all this, and asked again; whereupon a butcher told him the way to Humbleton-in-the-Hole. There he learnt his way as far as the "Dog and Gun," where he learnt that he must "keep all on, and mind and not turn up to Exbourne."

"And now," he thought, "it remains to be seen what I shall find at the end of all this. I shall know soon—the sooner the better. *Nota mala res optima 'st.* And then I shall go my way, having learnt nothing and forgotten nothing."

Having followed the directions given, he found himself at last in an avenue of oaks, on either side of which there was wild park-land. Half way up the avenue he met a barouche and four, with one lady in it and outriders in front. The lady was in deep mourning, the servants were in black livery. The lady looked up to see who was passing, and then looked at him fixedly, as if she were trying to remember who he was.

"But I never saw her before," thought he, "never, most certainly. I should not have forgotten that face. Who can she be that goes about, in this latter end of the nineteenth century, looking like a lady of other days, though she is so young? And the turn out has an old world look about it, even more than its unpretentious grandeur would warrant. And here is a Benedictine in his habit, shutting up his Breviary. If I am a dreamer without existing, my dreams have certainly taken a pleasanter and more picturesque form since I came into the avenue. The Benedictine is just the man to tell me what I want to know. He will neither stare like the woman at Bramscote, nor answer *à tort et à travers* like Mick, nor try to persuade me that I must be looking for the Rector of Grumford Stoneway." The Benedictine was a tall elderly man with grey hair, finely cut features and objective eyes. The stranger pulled up, and took off his hat.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "for interrupting you, but——"

"There is no interruption, I assure you," answered the Benedictine, "I am not engaged in any way. Can I be of use to you?"

"Indeed you can. I have some reason to fancy that the

owner of this place is the same man that I met on board the Folkestone boat last November."

A shadow passed over the Benedictine's face at these last words, and he looked earnestly at the speaker, saying in a low voice, "What sort of man was he?"

"He was the only man that I ever cared to know," answered the stranger; "and therefore I have come to England, where I have no reason to be, and ridden many miles on the worst of hacks in a strange country. I should like to see him, if I can."

The Benedictine gave no answer in words, but he pointed towards the house and began to walk back. The stranger dismounted and walked by his side, waiting to hear more; but his companion remained silent until they came to an old gatehouse in the Tudor style, that led into a courtyard round which the house was built. Then he stopped and called a man in black livery who was standing at the door of a lodge within the gateway.

"Take this horse to the stables," he said, "and tell them to take care of him. He has come a long way." The stranger followed him, and felt a general impression of the beautiful, but noticed nothing accurately, except a tower, grey with age, that joined the rest of the building half-way down the court on the left. Before he had time to look farther a door was opened on the right and he found himself in the priest's house, which formed a part of the oblong court. They went into a sitting-room, and when they had sat down, the Benedictine, very courteously, but with a reserve that could be felt and not defined, said:

"Lord de Freville is not at home, and may not be back till quite late. Can I give him any message from you—or your card?"

They looked at each other—into each other's eyes—and both were satisfied with the scrutiny. The stranger spoke first.

"I have no message to send," he said, "unless Lord de Freville is the man I met on board the Folkestone boat. If he is not, I can only apologize for the trouble I have given, and be off at once. If he is, I can tell you no more than what I told you in the avenue. But how can I know whether he is, or is not, unless I see him? How can I even have an opinion about it without any means as yet of forming one? The man I mean was, as nearly as I can judge, of my own age. I saw very little of him, but what I did see made its mark in such a way that I

shall have ridden at least forty miles to-day on a horse made to draw bathing machines, for the bare possibility of seeing him. I can give you a very accurate description of what he was like, and what——"

At this moment the priest was called away on business.

"I am sorry to keep you waiting," he said; "but the man has come a long way, and I shall have done with him in a few minutes. Would you like, in the meantime, to see the chapel? You will find it worth seeing, I think, as a work of art. This is the way, if you like to go there—through that little inner room."

He opened the door, and the stranger went in, thinking of his yet unanswered question.

"What shall I see next?" he thought, "and what else before the day is out? Why did I come here, to look at the symbolism of an unreal future and see the shadow of a shadow? I see and feel the depth of the shadow, and I know that the light it implies can light me to nothing but infinite denial. Those people, kneeling there, think they see in it the proof of an infinite light. There they are—five of them—a footman, a keeper, a young woman who looks like a cottager, a small boy whose natural employment, when not at work, would be birds' nesting or playing at marbles, according to the time of year, and an old woman who might be the housekeeper. What a grand countenance and manner she has! Why, again, did I come here? What combination of matter, or what action of some mysterious, unintelligent power—for there must be something that makes me what I am—what force, or chance, or folly of my own, if anything is my own—has dragged me here to be attracted by the delusion that I have so loved as what it pretends to be, so hated as a heart-breaking lie? I must remain here till the monk has talked out his talk with the village carpenter, or whoever it is that keeps me from knowing what I came to know."

He walked up to the roodscreen and stood there, meditating sadly, but not in form of words. His idea and his unbelief clashed horribly as he gazed on the white altar and the white reredos and the Tabernacle rising up into the soft light of a painted window above; yet there he stood, fascinated, as he thought, by the force of grim irony. At length he moved aside, without any act of will, and looked about him to see what else was worth seeing. On the right of the sanctuary there was

another white altar, and on the right of it, a little way from the steps, an arched recess of white stone quite newly made. The Gothic carving of the arch was yet unfinished and the workmen's tools lay about. Within the recess a large black cloth hid the upper part of a marble monument, that, from its form, appeared to be an altar-tomb with a recumbent figure lying at full length upon it. The cloth had evidently been spread there to preserve the figure from dust while the stone carvers were at work, and was itself almost covered with wreaths of white camelias.

"I can't go away till the Benedictine has finished his business," thought the stranger, as he strolled on towards the monument. "So I may as well see who it is that enjoys there the benefit of posthumous participation in the life of his fellows."

But he looked at other things for some time, and then turned his eyes with languid curiosity to the tomb, that suggested to him nothing beyond itself, except a life of endings, ending in endless nothing. Below the cloth were these words carved on the alabaster :

*Of your Charity, pray for the Soul of Eberard Mary Benedict,
Sixteenth Baron de Freville, who died Aug. 7th, M.D.CCC.LXXI.*

The Stranger became deadly pale, hastily uncovered the head of the recumbent figure, looked at the features, and falling on his knees, poured out the bitterness that was in his heart.

"This then is the end," he said. "This is how I find him at last. Embodiment of the good and the beautiful, strong to do, to feel, and to think—you, who almost persuaded me by the force of what you were—help me now, or at some time, if you can. If what you believed in *is*, and if you have any means of showing me that it is, help me, as I would help you." Then he rose, and stood gazing intently on the alabaster features, that seemed almost alive in the soft light of the painted window.

"And this is the end of all," he said, "of all that he was—to pass away and be no longer, like the sound of spoken words or the time that is gone."

He had said this aloud, but was not aware of having done so till he heard a voice, close to him, say gently, "Not the end, but the beginning."

He looked up and saw the old housekeeper standing near.

"You knew him, sir, I see," she said, "and feel as all do that knew him."

"I met him once," answered the stranger, "and what I saw

of him made me travel a long way in the hope of seeing him again. I never knew his name till now."

"But don't call it the end, sir; you never heard that from him."

No; and I always long to believe as he did—but I can't."

"Don't say that, sir. Pray for light, with a firm purpose to follow it, and God will show you the truth."

"I don't know how to pray. But if there is a God, who created us for Himself, He must hear prayer. Pray for me. If He *is*, He will listen to your prayers, for I saw you praying with so much faith. Pray for me—I can't for myself, because I have no faith to pray with. Good bye. Thank you for your kindness. I have many miles to ride."

He turned away, and went out of the chapel. The Benedictine met him coming out and read the result in his face.

"I am afraid that your question has been answered," he said.

"It has. I have seen the place where he lies. Thank you for your kindness and courtesy. I must go now, for I have to ride some distance, and I don't know my way.

"I will send for your horse. In the meantime there is luncheon ready for you. At least have a glass of wine."

"Thank you, I had rather not, and I ought to be going. But I should like to ask you one thing about him. Do you mind walking with me to the stables, as I am so late?"

They left the house, and the stranger said, "When I saw him he had ridden hard across country to catch a train, jumped in as he was, in bitter weather, and travelled afterwards very much chilled. I made him take some brandy, and advised him to stop at Boulogne. But he went on. Was that the cause of his death?"

"No. It was not the cause. He was ill in Rome, but he died here three months ago. He was all that you believe of him, and very much more."

The stranger stood for a moment irresolute, as if he wanted to say something and could not. Then he drew back rather suddenly, took off his hat, and hurried away to the stables!

"Poor fellow!" thought the Benedictine. "His mind is out of joint, and I can do nothing for him as he is. There was one among us who might have been able to do it, perhaps, if one may judge by the strength of the impression he has left. Modern minds are a weary puzzle. There is no fixed point in them. I wish he had told me his name."

"A very model of a Benedictine," thought the stranger, "I have been living in the middle ages for three quarters of an hour, and now I am going back into the world of to-day, to enjoy through the unborn the prospect of a yet more detestable world that is to be. But I must keep trotting on while I can see at all. It will be pitch dark in half an hour, and I have a very dim notion of the road. Apparently there is something real in the roughness of this animal's paces."

When he had gone about six miles a suspicion crept into his mind that he had mistaken the road; and it grew as he went on, till he was assured of its truth by finding himself back again at Grumpington Gorse, and seeing the lights of Lyneham two miles off in the valley. It was then five o'clock, and he had fifteen miles before him in the dark.

"I don't care," he thought. "At any rate I shall know my way from Lyneham. As well here as anywhere else. The darkness agrees with me. Poor old fellow! you shall have some more oats and beans at Lyneham, and take your time over the last fifteen miles. I don't mind getting in late, if you don't."

Guided by the lights in the town he reached the White Hart before half-past five, put up his horse, and strolled out into the street, when whom should he meet but Mick, trudging along in a loose and seafaring style, carrying a bundle in one hand and a short stick in the other. This brought the stranger to himself or rather—for the old-world objectiveness of a gentleman was strongly rooted in him—out of himself.

"Well, I *am* glad to see you again," he said, shaking his hand. "But what brings you here?"

"It's the auld woman left a bit of a work-box behind, and so I said I'd fetch it, and make my Easter to-morrow—bad luck to the almanack!"

"You are travelling late, like me. Have you far to go?"

"Och! it's a bit of a way, sir, over there."

"I passed by a Catholic church this morning," said the stranger, "near the lodge at Bramscote."

"Maybe sir. There's one or two about."

"Ah, Mick! you're a very good fellow; but if you, and a good many more in the 'old country,' would be half as cautious in all other matters as you are about simply answering questions that can't possibly get you into any sort of trouble, it would be better for you. Dutch William and the Orangemen had something to do with that, I daresay. Had'nt it now?"

"Maybe it put us on the look-out a bit, but bedad, we've kept the faith. Indeed an' we have, sir. And by the same token that's more than they can say, in this country."

"More than most of them can say: but you must not forget that a great many kept the faith in the worst of times, and had as bad a time of it as they could—those who were not legally murdered. Catholics were sailing in the same boat, Mick, on both sides of the Irish Channel: and you have the advantage of them now, for here they can't get into Parliament, though the law says they can."

"It's the Irish that makes the missions here in the big towns, anyhow."

"Well, Mick, I can't say about that, because I am not a Catholic, and I have lived most of my time out of England. But if they miss their Easter like a certain good friend of mine who isn't far off, they won't do much to spread their religion. I'm afraid."

"That's true for you," said Mick in a subdued tone. "Indeed an' it is then. We're not what we were, sir—more's the pity: but by the blessing of God I'll try."

"You're a good sterling fellow, Mick, but just try to do one thing. Don't let the Orangemen or the Soupers drive you to forget that English Catholics have suffered in the same way, and for the same reason as you have in Ireland."

"Mick scratched his head, opened his eyes without reserve, and shuffled about vigorously.

"What, in the name of the Twelve Apostles, can make you spake like that?" said he. "You that ain't (saving your presence) a Christian at all? Why can't you find your road into the one true Church?"

Mick had the best of it then, by the force of the faith that was in him. The stranger turned very pale, and said after a long silence, "I can't believe. I would, if I could; but I never shall."

"You will, sir," said Mick decisively, "you will, as sure as St. Peter holds the keys."

"Well, then," said the stranger, "pray for me, as you Catholics do. Good night."

"God be with you, sir," said Mick, as they turned in opposite directions. Half an hour afterwards the stranger set out for Greenhaven. A fog had begun to rise before he came into Lyneham, increased after he left it, and puzzled him completely.

At the end of two hours, when Greenhaven ought to have been about a mile off, he found himself going down a very steep hill, of whose existence he had no recollection. His horse's ears could hardly be seen, but his own heard the sound of a carriage in front.

"Where in the world am I?" he thought. "This narrow road turning gradually in one direction looks like the entrance to somebody's place."

At the bottom of the hill there was a gate, and the carriage, which turned out to be a mail phaeton, went through it. He followed closely till it stopped at the door of a house, and then riding up to the driver, said, "Will you kindly tell me the way to Greenhaven? I stupidly took a wrong turn, and I don't know how to get back on the right road."

The person addressed was a tall gentlemanlike man, with very grey hair, large light moustache, a closely shaven face, and a reserved manner that melted on the surface when he spoke. His eyes expressed a great deal of something; but if you tried to read what that something was, you found nothing legible. This much could be seen in the light of the carriage lamps. He looked up to answer the question, then looked hard at the stranger for a moment or two without speaking, and said, "I don't think you could find it to-night, so dark as it is, and the fog getting worse, unless you know something of the country. My house and stables are at your service, if you will put up here."

"You are most kind," said the stranger. "This is genuine hospitality of the old English type."

"And yet I am a Scotchman. But it isn't quite what it seems. Come with me to the stables. You may like to see where your horse is stowed away."

The stranger dismounted and walked by the side of his host, who went on to say, "I have known a great many men of all sorts, and I can see pretty well who is who. Besides, I can't get it out of my head that I have seen you before."

"Yes, I remember meeting you at the mess of the — at Malta. You are Colonel Claverock, I think."

"Exactly and your name is, is —"

"Victor Crayston. They *would* christen me (without making me a Christian) by the suggestive names of Victor Emanuel, shoving upon me the sound of the most detestable imposture that ever humbugged Europe. But, after I grew up, I got the

nick name of the Stranger, because I wandered about the world and never was intimate with any one. Two or three of the classical sort, who had read Lucian's *Dialogues of the Dead*, called me Menippus, because, they said, I was always abusing the men who had prospered. But the thing was too far-fetched, and the other name sticks by me, I believe. I certainly admit the fact it implies."

"Don't you think it rather a mistake to be out of sympathy with the world you live in?" said Colonel Claverock.

"If there were anything to be in sympathy with," answered the stranger, "it would be worse than a mistake. It would be a piece of culpable folly, so complete and inclusive, that I can find no name for it."

They were now in the stable-yard, and a groom took his horse.

"You would see more to sympathize with than you think, if you would look out for it," said Colonel Claverock, walking back towards the house. "I have had those ideas myself, but the concrete common-sense of the regiment got rid of them. It's a pity you didn't go into the army. You would have made a very smart cavalry officer."

"I wish that I had; but I should not have found there, any more than any where else, that which alone could make life worth living."

"You have got on a big subject, and dinner will be ready in a few minutes. It must be past eight o'clock. I must ask which is to be your room, for I have been away from home many years, and returned quite lately."

The house was built of grey stone. It was long, low and gabled. Thus much, and no more, could be seen from the outside by the help of lighted windows. At the entrance there was a low hall, panelled and carved, with an old sedan-chair in it. The staircase, of dark oak, led to a landing, in which were chairs and tables of various dates, brackets filled with old Chelsea china, a Louis-Quinze cabinet, and some English tapestry. The furniture of the stranger's room had evidently been put there in the days of Pitt and Fox. Mahogany was supreme, and the pillars of a four-poster sheltered by curtains of dark olive hue, rose up to the ceiling, thin and fluted. The chairs were narrow and ribbed, the sofa small and curling, the footstools high and spindle-legged, the fire-screens round and polished, with pictures of short-waisted shepherdesses on them, *coiffées à la Brutus*.

The dressing-table was of a much later date. It was draped in white muslin, and tied up at the corners with white ribbons. Before the glass lay a large white pincushion edged with lace, and on it were embroidered the initials E. M. C. The walls were panelled in dark oak, and a Jacobean oak chimney-piece took up a third of the side opposite the bed. On the right of the chimney-piece a low door, sunk in the wall and arched above, with a double door beyond, led into a dressing-room that was panelled, carved and Georgianly furnished, like the bedroom. Both rooms had mullioned windows with diamond-paned lattices.

The stranger gave a rapid glance around and hurried downstairs to the very late dinner, whose readiness was made known by the sound of a gong.

"That gong," thought the stranger, "is more out of keeping with the walls and windows of this room than the Hanoverian furniture or the millinery toilet-table that marks the wedding of some bride of the house. Who is she? and where is she?"

A Swiss butler, who spoke several languages, including his own, with limited fluency, followed him and showed the way into a drawing-room redolent of the latest renaissance.

Thought the stranger, "This house is a practical school of domestic art, from pre-Lutheran days to the days of accomplished facts; and the later it goes the less truth there is in it. What can I make of that? I can only hazard the guess that what we call truth is the highest effort of our being—which being is imagination supposing itself substantial—and that, as we go on imagining, our vigour becomes less, or our ideal higher, though how there can be a higher and a lower, without any archetypal standard, I don't know and have no means of knowing."

The dining-room was the most modernized part of the house. It had red flock paper, maroon curtains, a polished mahogany sideboard, and a picture of George the Fourth in his coronation robes.

"You must be hungry after riding that bus-horse all over the country," said Colonel Claverock, as they sat down to dinner.

"Yes. I have ridden fifty-two miles, as nearly as I can make it out; but it may be more. I lost my way several times."

"No wonder. By-the-bye, isn't Crayston your uncle?"

"By courtesy. He adopted me. But he has only been

twice to Marlton as long as I can remember. He stayed there three months when I was a small boy at school, and again six years ago for a fortnight. I have never been there."

"I knew him very well formerly," said Colonel Claverock, "and I have seen him since, abroad and in London. I have been away many years myself. He is a very good fellow, and a highly cultivated man."

"He has been very kind to me," said the stranger emphatically.

"A limited definition," thought his host.

After dinner they talked again of the neighbourhood, and Colonel Claverock said, "I hope that your appearance in the country may be interpreted as a sign that Crayston is coming to live at Marlton."

"I hardly think that; but from things that he has said I should not be surprised if he came there soon, with a man cook, half a dozen of Gunter's men, a lot of job horses and copious relays of cut flowers from some nursery garden in Brompton. However, that isn't why I was found riding the bus-horse. I came on my own account. I came for a purpose that you, perhaps, who are a man of the world and have settled yourself in it, will think far-fetched and little worth. I came to see a man whose name I didn't know, nor even the name of the place where he lived—a man I had met only once and spoken to about an hour on board a Folkestone steamer—and I did so, not only because he was, beyond comparison, the best specimen of a man that I had ever seen, but also, and (in fact mainly) because I wanted to find out how it was that a man of his powerful mind could feel so certain about his religion when I would give anything to believe it and cannot."

"Did you find out," said Colonel Claverock, "who it was?"

His tone was unpleasantly sympathetic. The stranger answered with a gravity verging on sternness, and in a very low tone, "To-day I knelt at his tomb and said my first prayer, perhaps my last. I prayed that, if what he believed is true, its truth might be made known to me."

Colonel Claverock turned ghastly pale, and was silent for a long while. At last he said, "I too have done that. Shall we go to the smoking-room?"

They rose to go there, but the stranger said as they left the room, "Did you do so without any reserve or foregone conclusion? I did."

"My dear young fellow," said Colonel Claverock, smiling stiffly, "You have a great deal to learn yet."

"I know that I have," answered the stranger; "but where am I to learn it?"

"You have got on a big subject," said Colonel Claverock, hurrying on.

"So you said before," answered the stranger. "But the time that is, is our own, and the time that is to be may not be for us."

"Yes, indeed, I have seen plenty of fine fellows go into action full of life and hope, who never saw another sunrise."

"No doubt," thought the stranger; "but that has nothing to do with what I was talking about. He has settled himself in some sort of a quagmire, and is too cautious a Scotchman to say how he finds it."

"I meant," said he, "that if we end when we die, the future is then closed, and, as regards ourselves, we might as well have never been. What may happen afterwards can only be a matter of speculation beforehand, for we can't be solemn or glad about it—as we are invited to be—when we have ceased to exist. The result of all this is, that since our life amounts to nothing more than an active existence prolonged by society, with which the Unknown and the Unknowable Cause has no intelligible connection, our principles can be nothing more than what society is able to make them at the time being. And then we come to what observation and experiment show at the time, and then—suppose observation and experiment should seem to show that what we now call sins or crimes don't affect the happiness of society, then (as the prophets of the Unknown and the Unknowable have shown) they are not social immoralities; and, since God is said to be Unknowable, if He is, they cannot be immoral on religious grounds. What guarantee, then, have we for their not being some day called moralities?"

"He that hath light within his own clear breast," answered Colonel Claverock magisterially, "'may sit in the centre.'"

"If he has a centre to sit in. But where can the light come from, when there is no original and infallible light from which to light it? Where the centre is for the light-bearing man to sit in I can't imagine, nor how the mind can enjoy bright day, there or anywhere else, when it sees nothing beyond the range of observation and experiments, and has no guarantee for the permanence of any principle whatever."

"The prophets of the Unknown and Unknowable," as you like to call them, answered Colonel Claverock, say that morality is strong enough to hold its own."

"It may be so for a time," said the stranger, "especially if the meaning of the term be left open, for men like to dignify their actions; but who shall limit the progress of public opinion, that owes no allegiance to anything except itself? According to the principles of positivism, so far as I can make them out, the sanctity of marriage, for instance, rests on a general belief that its violation tends to diminish the happiness of society; and, in the absence of a higher principle objectively true, I don't see what else it can be said to rest upon. But this is based on an estimate of happiness not necessarily permanent—one that has not been acknowledged always and everywhere, one belonging to a state of things that modern progress is trying to undo. Let the estimate of happiness change in a certain direction, not very far off, and it will become easy to show by observation and experiment that things now condemned in conscience are not social immoralities at all, because, according to the standard measure of the multitude, they may some day be considered to increase the happiness of society. The Mormons think so about polygamy—at least the men do. The Manichæans and the Albigenses went further, and considered themselves justified before God. The Mohame-tans believe themselves to have the highest authority for their harems. Murder has been openly advocated of late under the name of Euthanasia; and if the principle were generally accepted, that painless extinction is lawful in the case of incurable suffering, the 'greatest happiness of the greatest number' would easily show why it should be extended to the worn out and the infirm. Then again, the right of holding permanent property has been denied on moral grounds by many at different times, and more widely now. Even in England the rights of property in land have been and are openly questioned. But we all know—or, at least, all who don't shut their eyes to what is before them—know what it means, and the masses will know what they mean about it sooner or later; for the essence of all property is its permanently furnishing the means of subsistence, and there is no reason, permanently tenable, why the soil should be an exception. Like other properties, it may be, has been, and often is, bought with money for which the purchaser has, in some way, laboured,

either by his brains, his hands or his valour; and if its actual cultivators have the only right to it, what right have house-owners to the houses which they don't personally help to build or repair, or the fund holders who only receive their dividends while the land supports multitudes? *La propriété c'est le vol*, is at the bottom of it virtually. Land would only be the thin end of the wedge, just as an outcry against the Jesuits means the prelude to an attack on all religious orders and the Catholic Church in general. All these theories, moral and social, have been advocated as being for the happiness of society, and we know not how widely they will be followed nor how far they will go. How would you give a permanently sustainable answer to any of them without some immutably certain principles? And how can you have them if the Supreme Being, the only possible Authority of which you could be certain (supposing Him to be), either does not exist or is Unknowable?"

Colonel Claverock made a gesture of limited assent and looked hard at the wall.

"People who talk about coveting truth," said the stranger, "and are satisfied with believing in themselves, may find pleasure in airing their theories about the glorious future of the human race, and if there is nothing in them to be tempted, they will keep to the social morality of their day; but those who long for something more, and have power in them for good or for evil, and see no sign of any unalterable truth to test things by, and have every higher aspiration stifled slowly because there is no hope to oxygenize it—what is to become of *them*?"

There was a long silence, and then Colonel Claverock said, "I have thought of that. The question is, as you say, a serious one." Having said that, he retired within himself.

They sat in the smoking-room till past midnight, conversing on the concrete. When the stranger went to his room he said to himself, "That man's mind is like a lot of patterns in a tailor's shop, all bits and cuttings off: and yet there is a queer sort of attractiveness in him—why I don't know. There must be something behind the stone wall. He was singularly agreeable in the smoking-room, when I let him shape and colour the conversation his own way; but he shied at the one important question of life—the question of its end, the question of immortality or of personal annihilation; the question of final justice, harmony and peace, or of hideous discord and loss, with the 'infinite azure' of the past at the end of it;

the question, not only of life in the future, but even of life in the present—whether it shall be worth living for its own sake, or whether we are to see a death's head grinning between us and every object of love or of interest. He sees no farther than I, and I no farther than he; but he pretends to be satisfied, and I don't—that I don't. It were better if I could perhaps, but I can't alter it. I have thought, and longed, and tried to hope, tried everything——” Except saying his prayers. He had never been taught to do that, but, contrariwise, educated very carefully not to do it. Having been born, he knew that he had once a mother; but a Christian mother's care, even in the most restricted sense, was a thing of which he had no experience in fact or in theory.

The fog had cleared off. The moon was up, full and bright. He opened one of the windows, and saw that he was in a glen between green hills, with an old-fashioned pleasure-ground between, and the garden front of the house to the left. The road by which he had come wound up a hill on the right, that circled off in front of the carriage entrance, leaving apparently a fair space of ground between. In the dressing-room there was a window on the garden front, and there he went. At the end of a green and wooded glen, bathed in silvery moonlight, was the sea, glistening between two rugged edges of brown cliff.

“This *must* be Raven's Combe,” he thought, “and Colonel Claverrock the husband of its heiress, who was drowned in the Lady's Bay. And that poor pincushion with E. M. C. on it was hers. What are stage tragedies compared with this most sorrowful story of home life?”

He went back and looked about the bedroom with melancholy interest. “I feel,” he thought, “as if I had known her; and that bridal dressing-table, fresh as if she had left it yesterday, is too much—at this time of night, when I ought to be asleep.”

He noticed a crucifix on a table, and a holy water stoup on the left of the bed. On the right was a miniature of Colonel Claverrock in a hussar uniform, and close to that a door in the panelling. He opened it, and found himself in a narrow passage, out of which a rather steep staircase led up to another door. “I must see this,” he said, bounding up the stairs; and in he went. It was a small chapel with a flat roof, a long skylight, and a window looking on the roof of the house. It

was fitted up fairly well, in accordance with the laundry-like building that evidently had been adapted for times when it was unsafe to say Mass otherwise than in holes and corners. What struck him most, and struck him with a chill that strangely penetrated his imagination and his heart, was its tidy desolation. It was kept with scrupulous neatness, but not for use. A little sacristy, built in the roof, and entered by a narrow door on the Epistle side of the altar, showed the same signs of disuse and care.

"Here knelt the fated bride," he thought "knelt and believed. Her short life, embittered though it was by regret, if not by remorse—perhaps, too, by disenchantment—was happier than mine is." A turret clock struck one. "And I," he said, "am sentimentalizing here at this time of night."

He returned by the narrow staircase to his bedroom, went to bed, and soon fell fast asleep, dreaming confusedly of the bridal dressing-table, Freville Chase, Grumpington Gorse, and lastly the King's Head, where a lady, remembered but unknown, was melting into an infinite azure behind Wereford, while a chorus of professors were bawling that she had no immortal something within her, but that nevertheless in very truth she—her acting, feeling, thinking personality—was immortal. The infinite azure opened out, and he was in Mick's house at Peveridge Bay, where he saw Mick sitting on a tea-chest, with a short pipe in his mouth, and heard him talking in a strong brogue about cosmic emotion. Mick faded away, and the old woman appeared, with her story about the heiress of Raven's Combe. He listened in his dream; but she, too, became invisible, and then he struggled with wind and sea for the life that was not worth living. The struggle ended without apparent cause or strangeness, but he awoke suddenly and fully. Looking up, he saw two hands, a woman's hands, held up and clasped, as if in distress, about three feet from the bed, on the other side of the olive-green bedcurtain. Starting up he saw a figure come forward, apparently from the door leading to the chapel. He could see her profile distinctly in the moonlight—it was the face and figure that he had seen in the Lady's Bay. When she reached the bottom of the bed, she turned and looked at him for a second or two with a very piteous expression, as if she wanted to speak. Then gliding slowly to the end of the room she melted into the darkness of the doorway that led to

the dressing-room. When she was out of sight a deadly chill came over him, and for the first time in his life he knew what fear is.

CHAPTER IV.

"WHAT *can* have come over me?" thought the stranger, when the last trace of the mysterious figure had disappeared. "And what can this mean?"

He jumped up, rushed into the dressing-room and through the other door into a passage. There was nothing to be seen. He went back to bed and, after some time, slept by force of will; but the impression remained on him, shaped his dreams, and broke his rest. In the morning he rose weary and excited, saying to himself, "Another glimmering of phosphorescent light in the swamps. I saw her distinctly, and she died twenty-five years ago. Does that imply the immortality of the soul? Not by the evidence of only one sense. If she had spoken—told me her state of being. But no! there was nothing to tell, and she was nothing. I imagined her out of the mist-phantom in the Lady's Bay, the old woman's romantic story, the deserted chapel hidden in the roof, and that poor pincushion with the bride's initials on it. I imagined her, partly out of that, by the help of a mad desire to know what is not, and be what no one is, partly owing to my hero worship yesterday and the wild idea that took me to Freville Chase. Insane I must be, anyhow. For either Lord de Freville was right in his belief, or he was wrong. If he was right, I am mad for not believing as he did, when I have had the help of his judgment, sincerity and grasp of the question, all of which I *do* believe. If he was wrong, then I am mad to have imagined it possible, not having been trained in it."

He went to breakfast more heart-weary than ever, saying to himself, "I thought that to see the dead would be sufficient, and I wished that I could. I have, and it only proves that I imagined what I had been thinking of."

All this and more had passed through his mind while he was going downstairs, and all passed away for a time at the dining-room door. Colonel Claverock, dressed in scarlet and tops, was full of anecdote, and so was the stranger, who then allowed life to appear unchallenged as worth living.

"I wish you would stay a few days, or at any rate till to-morrow," said Colonel Claverock at the first pause. "I will send for your luggage, and I can give you a pretty fair mount."

"You are very kind," said the stranger, "and I should like it very much; but I really must go this morning. I may have an important letter waiting for me now."

And so might any one. The truth subjectively was this: He would have liked the mount, so far as he liked anything, and he liked his host, within limits more certain than defined; but say what he would to himself about imagination impressing the retina, he cared not to pass another night in a room that would be called, in common parlance, haunted. Modern science may say what it will on the origin of life, and make false deductions pass current on the strength of true experiment; but the instinct of man recognizes the preternatural, and, by so doing, affirms the life of the soul after death. Men who strongly assert their disbelief in an after-life turn pale if they suppose themselves to see a ghost, and children who have never heard of one are not only afraid in the dark, but conjure up in their simple minds, out of the window-curtains and the moonlight, the same idea as that which a grown-up person would have under the same optical delusion.

Breakfast was now nearly over, but a vacant place remained, and Colonel Claverock said in reference to it, "My son will be here directly. He has been staying at Monksgallows, and came back in the small hours, after a ball somewhere—I forget where."

"Monksgallows!" thought the stranger. "If this house were as thoroughly Elizabethan in architecture as that name is in sound, it would be a most pure specimen of its kind. I wonder what the son and heir—the son of the ghost—is like, and whether he has settled himself down to be miserable in comfort, like his father."

"I shall be back directly," said Colonel Claverock, rising from the table. "I wish you would let me order the horse for you. We ought to be off soon."

"Thank you," said the stranger, with some hesitation. "I should like it very much, but I really must go."

Colonel Claverock left the room. The stranger stood by the south window looking down the glen at the blue sea framed in rock. He had not been there long, perhaps not a minute, when the door was opened, or rather, shoved open, and a young man

bundled into the room, whistling the gipsy's song in *The Trovatore*. A glance was enough to show who he was.

"Good gracious!" thought the stranger. "Why, he's the man I had to teach manners to at Wereford. This is unpleasant—particularly for him."

The young man appeared to think so, for he coloured, said something between an exclamation and an oath, and bundled back through the doorway, where he was met by Colonel Claverock, who whispered, in a tone of ill-suppressed irritation, "Don't make yourself a greater fool than you are. Can't you be a gentleman for once, when you have the chance of meeting one?"

The advice was uncomfortably timed, and the expression ill-suited to a big spoilt child who believed in nothing so much as in himself. He resisted the invitation, and chose a big word to signify the same.

"I'll be —," he began to say, trying to push on. But Colonel Claverock, having the stronger will and the stronger muscles, cut short the big word in its utterance by quietly propelling him into the room, saying in the most natural manner, "This fellow never *will* be in time for breakfast: and that won't do at all on a hunting morning. My son. Mr. Victor Crayston."

"Having said all that he knew to be necessary he went away, leaving the hope of his house to get on as he best could. Claverock the younger stared, coloured, shuffled about, and emitted surly sounds of indefinite meaning, but was quickly extricated from his awkward position by the stranger, who, looking towards the window without turning away from him, said:

"I have been enjoying the view, and all the more because I came here in the dark, and had no notion of what I was going to see. I never was in the county before."

At this implicit suggestion of mistaken identity, the lout became himself again, and remembering that she who interfered after the fact had not witnessed the catastrophe, remembered to forget it himself.

"Yes, it's awfully jolly down there," he answered, "and you can get some sea-fishing when you have nothing to do. It's a pity the governor stayed away so long, but my stepmother didn't care about it."

"There is no accounting for these things," said he. "My

guardian has never lived at his place as long as I can remember. I don't even know what sort of place it is, for I have never been there. But still it is a place, and in a pleasant country as far as I can see; and yet he has kept away."

"That will be as much as you can understand," he thought. "The infinite azure will not gain much in quality when you melt into it."

Colonel Claverock now re-entered the room, saying, "You really must go with me to the Meet. I have ordered the horse to be sent on. And as you are booted and spurred, ready for the bus-horse, there is no excuse. I'll send back the bus-horse, and have your letters and your luggage brought from Greenhaven."

"And don't put him into the haunted room," said his son, tugging at the bell.

Colonel Claverock turned pale, and answered stiffly, "I will put him wherever he likes to go. He shall choose for himself. But I am not aware of there being a haunted room here."

"Isn't there? Ask that old beggar of a Swiss, who never says his prayers—not that I do much in that way myself—and hear what he saw when he was put there to air the room, or something, before we came back. Don't believe me; ask that old thief, who believes in nothing except the devil, if he does as much as that."

"I can't hear ghost stories at this time of the morning," said Colonel Claverock, with a forced laugh. "But I can find him a room that has the view he likes, which is more to the purpose."

He went out, the Swiss butler came in, and the stranger looked on. The butler set down from a tray several hot dishes, the uncovering of which was followed by a stare, a shuffling of feet, and lastly these words:

"Look here!" I'm not going to be put off with eggs and rotten omelettes and bits of anchovy toast."

"To-day is Friday, Sir," answered the butler, with business-like gravity, "and the Colonel told me always to——"

"I daresay—because he hasn't to do it himself. That won't do for me. I must have some mutton-chops and something grilled."

When the butler had gone to bring meat, there was a moment's interval of silence, followed by a blustering sound, scarcely articulate but quite intelligible. It amounted to a

general assertion of self, as the measure of things, and a general defiance of all authority that did, would or might interfere with his own inclination. In the meantime he had filled his plate with ham, cold pheasant, and game pie, which he had found on the sideboard.

"You won't have much time," said the stranger, looking at his watch.

"I know I haven't. It's this infernal breakfast."

"So I see; but I thought you were a Catholic by what the butler said."

"Yes, of course I am. The Dytchleys and Frevilles have always been Catholics."

What connection there was between these two facts the stranger knew not, but he felt extremely irritated at seeing a man plume himself on the non-apostacy of progenitors in the female line while violating without excuse a law of the Catholic Church. It was offensive to his taste, his principles and his manliness. He remained silent for a moment or two, and then said coldly, "I suppose you are in delicate health?"

"Not I," answered the Catholic by descent. "I'm as right as a trivet. Never was sick or sorry in my life, that I can remember."

A short period of silence followed, and then a burst of laughter from the Catholic by descent.

"What is it that amuses you?" said the stranger.

"Why, your asking if I was delicate."

"And yet no question could be more natural, when with the same mouth you ate meat on a Friday and said that you were a Catholic."

"Lord bless your innocence! Do you suppose one goes in for being so particular as that?"

"I suppose you go in for being a Catholic, because you tell me so; and that includes keeping a law of your Church, unless you are dispensed from it on account of health or some other valid impediment. I know that much."

"All very well to talk about, but you don't try it. Look there at both your plates, yours and the governor's. He tries it on with me, and says I ought to do this and that; but he doesn't believe in a blessed thing. Do *you*?"

"Yes. I believe in being true to one's colours and not shirking what one undertakes. I was not brought up to any religion, or rather, I was brought up to have none; but if I

should ever see my way to that faith which you inherit, I will not disobey what the Church orders."

"You want to see your way, do you? Why don't you try the other shop first, and see how you like it?"

The stranger's lip curled for an instant, and then his countenance became very grave. "I am unable to understand," he answered, "how you can find it in you to say that, either in joke or in earnest, about the most serious of all possible questions—a question, too, as to the upshot of which you have no doubt at all. I can't for a moment believe that you meant what you said: but in what you did say there was neither reverence to the faith you profess nor charity to your neighbour who is without it. The 'other shop' may do for those who have neither thought nor felt, but not for me. If truth is anywhere, it is where you have been pitchforked like loose hay on the top of a waggon. Take my advice, for I have seen much more of life than you have, though I am not older than you. Talk less, think more, and act up to what you believe."

The Catholic in the female line disliked this plain statement very much, particularly the advice at the end, but the stranger's eyes cowed him. He swallowed a big word with a mouthful of game pie, and said—

"All right. You're a saint, full-blown beforehand. *Sancte Victor, ora pro nobis!* Nothing wanted but the Bull."

"You are trifling away your life, and wasting the capital which your faith gives you," answered the stranger in a melancholy voice. "There is no use in talking to you about higher motives, I see; but perhaps a lower one may have some effect, if you will believe that I speak from experience much greater and more varied than your own. I never knew a man shirk the seriousness of life who didn't before long make a dreary business of amusement."

"*Sancte Victor, ora pro nobis!* but, I say—I shall be late for the Meet, if I don't begin to stir my stumps."

They then left the room, and soon afterwards the three started for the Meet. They went there in the mail phaeton whose lamps had guided the stranger to Raven's Combe and enabled Colonel Claverock to recognize him at the door. The talking was like aerated water, sparkling and spiritless. Colonel Claverock played the principal part. His son broke in irrelevantly at intervals, like the clown in a pantomime. The stranger, feeling in himself a very unusual want of power or

inclination—he knew not which—either to originate or follow, said very little. He made remarks now and then as an observer, like the chorus in a Greek play; and that was all he did, in the way of talking, till they pulled up near a rough piece of grass with a gorse cover beyond.

When they had mounted, Colonel Claverock looked about and said, "I want to introduce you to Lord Ledchester. You will be near neighbours, if Crayston takes to his place again. There he is, close to a man on a big chesnut."

The stranger looked, and a shadow came over his face as he recognized the stubbly grey hair, rigorous neatness and evangelical horseyness of his half-acquaintance at the King's Head. The incident pleased Colonel Claverock, who liked introducing attractive people, particularly where they ought to be known. His son was not at all pleased; for the question, when shall we three meet again, had been answered much too soon and without being asked, reminding him of that which the stranger's tact had consigned imperceptibly to oblivion. He hated the whole field for being there, the stranger for being anywhere, himself, in a milder degree, for being metaphorically nowhere; but as the other two showed no signs of mutual recognition, he suppressed the remembrance that did not indeed disturb his equanimity, because he had none to disturb, but deranged his self-consciousness, of which he had much. He drew a big breath, blew away a phantasma of the sitting-room at the King's Head, and was himself again.

Lord Ledchester had come into the world long enough ago to have that instinctive tact of good breeding which birth and assured position used, with some exceptions, to give. He felt what he had to do, and saw that, by a like instinct, the stranger felt likewise. They met cordially, as if the introduction had given to each a pleasant acquaintance. After the first few words Colonel Claverock and his son turned away talking to several people.

"A charming place, Raven's Combe," said Lord Ledchester, "and has a character of its own, with that picturesque peep into the sea. A former possessor, they say, was taken by the crew of a French privateer, and kept somewhere till he paid a stiff ransom."

"Just the place for that sort of raid," said the stranger, "but it seems full of romantic stories. What a beautiful little bay that is, close by on the left."

He said this without any direct intention, but his heart beat while he spoke.

"Poor Mrs. Claverock!" said Lord Ledchester, dropping his voice. "She was drowned there—so don't allude to it before *him*. I knew her father, Sir Leofric Dytchley, very well, and her too. She was the heiress of Raven's Combe. It came by Sir Leofric's mother. Do you know Lord de Freville? He has a very interesting place near here."

"No—I once met his brother—the finest specimen of an Englishman that I ever did meet."

"Well, he *was* a very fine fellow. I don't know that I ever saw a finer. It's a pity he was so bigoted a Romanist."

The stranger flushed and his brow knit. Lord Ledchester came at once to the only conclusion that he could see his way to, and said, "I beg your pardon. I was not aware of your being a Rom—a Catholic."

"No, I am not a Catholic," answered the stranger sadly. "I was only thinking, as I have often thought before, that I wish I could believe as he did."

"You needn't regret that. Fancy a man like you giving up his freedom of mind and his originality!"

"I can't fancy that, though I have little enough of either to give up. But Lord de Freville had the freest mind I ever knew, and the most original."

"Well, he was an exceptional man altogether. You won't find other Romanists like him."

"Then it must be their fault, not the fault of their religion; for he was a typical Catholic of the best kind."

"No, no—I assure you. I have lived longer than you, and seen more of them. What *can* you think of their making the Pope infallible?"

"That defining a thing is distinctly not making it. Otherwise every judge on the bench would be a perpetual law-maker."

"But they showed that it was new by forcing it on people."

"If that objection is valid, the doctrine of the Trinity was not believed in before the Council of Nicæa, though we know that it was; nor the existence of God before the Council of the Vatican, five years ago. Either the Infallibility was not shown to be new by being defined, or the belief in God was, though every one knows that it was not new. There is no getting out of that."

They were now moving off to the cover-side, but their amicable controversy went on.

"I meant," said Lord Ledchester, "that it was new as being obligatory and binding consciences. It is one thing to have confidence practically in the Church you are a member of, and quite another to do as Romanists have to do now—give their assent beforehand implicitly to whatever the Pope may teach them at any time. You won't deny that."

"Certainly not; but I deny their doing as you suppose, and I maintain that what they really do, and always have done, is a logical consequence of the position they start from. If the Gospels are true, the Pope is the Successor of St. Peter, and the Church of which he is the Head is divinely guided to all truth, without restriction of time. Therefore the Pope, by virtue of his office, is necessarily infallible about faith and morals, if the Gospels are true. Firstly, teaching faith and morals is the special work of a Church, and, so to speak, her *raison d'être*. Again, no Church can have permanent and indissoluble authority, unless its members believe it to be infallible about articles of faith and the moral law; for the work it undertakes to do requires enormous leverage and therefore an immovable fulcrum. Thirdly, to believe in an infallible Church without an infallible head is to suppose a centrifugal force without a centre. If I could believe as much as you do——"

Just then the sporting element in Lord Ledchester mastered the evangelical. "We had better get on the other side of the wood," he said, putting his horse into a trot. The stranger followed him, and very soon a fox broke away from the other side who gave them a run of thirty-five minutes by Lord Ledchester's watch. It was very much like other good runs. There were people in front, people behind, people between; and there were a few falls, but no bad ones. Lord Ledchester kept in front, and the stranger kept with him. Lastly the fox was killed in a wood not far from Monksgallows, close to the juncture of three roads, along one of which two ladies and a groom were riding.

"Last scene of all,"

said the stranger, turning aside—

"That ends this strange eventful history,

of a fox, and makes one respect him more than oneself. He has struggled against overpowering odds. I have had to face

nothing worse, in the ordinary course of a run, than a dim prospect of having to get clear of my horse and other people's horses in a ditch."

"Yes—I don't like that part of it," said Lord Ledchester, looking civilly puzzled at the stranger's comparative estimate of—he knew not what, nor did the stranger. "One doesn't like to be behind, but——. Here are my daughters coming along the road: let me introduce you."

The stranger felt himself turning pale and trying to wish that the fox had taken another direction; but he said in thought, "This is nonsense, nonsense without any foundation," and almost believed that it was, till he came nearer. When he did he found that he had mistaken himself, the character of his own strength, and the state of the case. A worthy squire said once that no two things were so different as a fine day and a rainy one. He was right, no doubt, *secundum quid*, for his æsthetical experiences were limited; but there are greater contrasts along the way of life than the weather can show, and among them is that of presence and absence, than which there is none more striking, under certain conditions. His manner was the same as when they made a temporary half-acquaintance at Wereford; but his voice had another ring, his eyes looked up rather than out, and, perhaps for the first time, he hesitated in speaking. When she asked him about the run he said:

"It was exciting throughout, and, as usual, disagreeably dramatic at the end. The fox was the hero, as he always is."

"Yes—in the sense of the old heathen tragedies," answered the lady, for he struggles hard against his fate; but then, geese and chickens would paint him in very different colours."

"They would. He finds his level then, as a wild animal that preys on others and is preyed on. After all, if he is run down instead of being pounced upon, so is a rabbit by a stoat. The fox is not the worse off, because people are riding after the hounds. It was a bit of morbid sentimentality on my part, and very inconsistent with the pleasure I took in the run."

"Do you think so?" she said. "It seems to me so very natural; for the pleasure of hunting is really the pleasure of overcoming obstacles, and those who have overcome the greatest have had the most sensitive hearts."

The stranger made a reverential gesture of assent and said, "You have convinced me." Then he paused, and before he

could speak again, Colonel Claverock rode up with his obtrusive son, who came forward with the detestable assurance that characterizes the worst modern manners. His father looked annoyed. The lady showed no signs of what she thought. The stranger took off his hat with graceful deference and rode away towards the wood, wishing that he had not landed at Peveridge Bay. Lord Ledchester rode after him, saying, "Won't you go back with us and stay for luncheon? I have been trying to induce your host to do the same."

"I really *must* go home," said Colonel Claverock, riding after both; "I have to see a man about a farm. But don't let that prevent *your* staying, Crayston."

The stranger's face became as impenetrable as Colonel Claverock's. "Thank you," he said to Lord Ledchester. "But I ought to go back."

"I am ready now, if you are," said Colonel Claverock, cheerfully.

"I have no one to see about a farm, nor any farm to see about," thought the stranger, as he followed him. "Nor have you any man to see," he added inwardly, "if I am not curiously mistaken."

"Take care of yourselves," roared the Catholic by descent. "You may look forward to having the pleasure of my society at dinner-time. I say, don't forget to pray for us. *Sancte Victor, ora pro nobis.*"

They rode away, talking little and thinking much.

Thought Colonel Claverock, "I am not proud of my son—that is quite certain. Equally certain it is that I have no reason to be so. Yet I am fond of him, enormously fond of him, not for what he is—most decidedly not—but for who he is, for the sake of my darling Edith and the days that were. I wish he would marry soon; for unless he does, he will ruin the property—the great fool! as if *he* had a head for betting! Lady Maud seems to tolerate him very well; and if she can do *that* to begin with, she *may* find something in him—I don't know what—and make something of him, poor fellow. She has become a Catholic, and that takes off most of the dangerous rivals; for, if I know anything of character, she would not marry out of her religion. Then Lord Ledchester seems to like him. Very odd that he should; but he does, or persuades himself that he does. Perhaps he feels the religious difficulty at home, as well as seeing it in other ways. I think he does, and I

think he does not see exactly what my son is. I wish I could say the same."

So far he had thought openly; for the British soldier is straightforward, and the habits of a regiment are lasting. But, if habit is a second nature, there is a first nature in us that nothing but accepted grace can hold within its proper limits; and it came to the front when his own cause became morally imperilled. Then something else crossed that something. He gave no name to this, but he knew that it was unpleasant, inconvenient, and ought to be regulated by the State, so long as the State was not offensively vulgar. Something, whatever it was, and if it was not conscience, what was it? proposed an objection mildly, on the score of defective knowledge. "Would it be quite fair to take advantage of their not knowing what he is? Under all the circumstances, is it likely that Lord Ledchester does know, or will know soon enough what sort of man your son is?"

But he answered, "We have been six weeks at Raven's Combe, and Leofric was playing the fool in London before that. I can't undertake to furnish Lord Ledchester with judgment—and she may be the saving of him." The unpleasant something then showed him a phantasma of the case, in which an imaginary daughter of his own was the victim. But a dark spirit rose up within him and answered, "I lost all in losing Edith; and what did others care? as much as I care for others now. Do I owe so much to others, that I must consider them in preference to *her* son? What have others done for me? One other ruined me—blasted my life. She did it, they told me—three people told me. What do I owe to others?"

He rode on a little way farther repeating these words mutely. Then he composed his countenance, and took a sandwich-case out of his pocket. "You must be hungry," he said, offering it to the stranger.

They ate the sandwiches, drank some sherry out of a flask, and rode on, saying many things, but nothing that concerned either of them. They talked of the run, and of Lord Ledchester incidentally, and of his younger son Dick Stapleford, who never said anything to be remembered, and never remembered anything to be said, but always did the right thing in his own line, by reason of common sense and a good heart. The stranger learnt, moreover, that the lady's name was Maud—for Colonel Claverock was loquacious within limits—also that

the Christian name of the Catholic by descent was Leofric, after his mother's father, Sir Leofric, and his surname, not Claverock, but Dytechley. Colonel Claverock was very open about the name, because it had come through the Saxon descent of his wife, and he cared very much about descent, in a heathenish way, though he had taken up theoretical Radicalism since his wife's death. But perhaps the word "though" is hardly in its right place; for the two combine easily when a man who has been unfortunate or unsuccessful, through faults or deficiencies of his own or of others, becomes out of humour with society on the implied principle that what happens to him in it must be of it: so that theoretical Radicalism and a heathenish way of caring for descent are, now and then, found to be coexistent in the same person.

About four o'clock they rode into the stableyard of Raven's Combe, and Colonel Claverock went off, saying that he must go and see the man about his farm, and write a letter.

The stranger found one from his guardian and material friend, which began thus:

My dear Victor Emmanuel,

These first words interrupted the reading: "If I were a Christian," he thought, "and a bad Christian (which I would not be, I think, if I were a Christian at all) I should swear and curse by every invocable power at being addressed in that way." He went out and walked slowly down the glen, reading the letter, which ran as follows:

I have at last made up my mind about going to Marlton. I dislike it, as you know. I hate country life, and particularly in that neighbourhood, where every one is either a rabid Ultramontane or a Church and State Protestant. The only people I care about are Lord and Lady Ledchester. Somebody told me that Claverock was coming back to Raven's Combe. If so, there will be one more person to speak to, in a way. You are lucky in being five-and-twenty years younger than me, for you have a chance of living long enough to see a better state of things. Mill says, that "as mankind improve, the number of doctrines which are no longer disputed or doubted will be constantly on the increase;" and, as a matter of fact, how many opinions have gained ground, even in your time, that once were held in abhorrence! Who, for example, would have ventured, even ten years ago, to advocate cremation publicly in print, or to express in drawing-rooms those broader views and bolder questionings that have done much already to destroy the figments of theology and degrading superstition?

"The unity of a horrible stench," thought the stranger. "I begin to believe in the devil. All this is very like what he is said to rejoice in. And if there is a personal devil there must be a personal God; for a personal spirit of universal Evil implies a personal Spirit of universal Good, because the essence of evil is its opposition to good. And good is greater than evil, for Good is creative, and Evil is—what? 'Privation of Good,' Lord de Freville said—he said it was the teaching of the Catholic Church—and why not? I have seen men go to the bad, and they always did so by depriving themselves of the good that was in them. Yes! Good is creative, creative——"

But his countenance clouded, and he walked on, saying aloud, "I can't feel it. I *can't* feel it." The letter ended thus:

I have ordered things to be ready for a full house by this day week. Write to me here, and say if Claverock is at Raven's Combe. I am sorry that I cannot be at Marlton till next Wednesday, for *l'occhio del Padrone ingrassa il cavallo*. You had better go there at once, and take this letter with you, to show who you are, as nobody will know you. Perhaps I shall be refused admittance for the same reason!

Believe me, my dear Victor Em——

"*Santa pazienza!*" muttered the stranger. "If Juliet had been in my position she never would have said, 'What's in a name?'"

He thrust the letter into his pocket, and strolled very slowly down the glen, trying as before to prove the Being of God from the existence of the Devil. What that line of argument might have done for him, if he had felt sure of his starting-point, it would be useless to conjecture. People have found their bearings in curious ways, and there is no honest way that may not be somebody's way: but it was not his, nor did he see any way out of the quagmire through which he was floundering in the dark.

He walked about till nearly seven o'clock. Then he went to dress, wishing that he had never hoped at all, and never seen Lady Maud.

Reviews.

I.—THE WISH TO BELIEVE.¹

THIS little book is a valuable contribution to the literature of belief. It takes up a point which is hardly touched upon in the *Grammar of Assent*—the influence of the will upon the intellect in its assents. Does the wish to believe facilitate or retard the arrival at a true belief? Does it hurry the mind into hasty conclusions, in order that the painfulness of doubt may be changed into the repose of belief, or does it, on the contrary, render the inquirer more cautious and guarded in his inquiry, more thorough in his search, and more determined to accept nothing which will not bear the test of honest criticism? Mr. Wilfrid Ward's simple dialogue is an attempt to solve this question in a way which may convince a reader whose mind is still unsettled. He argues the weak and strong points of each opinion with vigour and ability. The form of dialogue which he adopts in some respects aids him in this task. It makes the objector a reality, and not a mere scarecrow set up as a mark for orthodoxy. It enables a writer to put into his mouth difficulties which could not well have been brought forward unless he supposed a flesh and blood adversary, who is in earnest in the defence of his own position. Yet there are serious difficulties in the way of dialogue. It requires delicate handling to make it effective. It always runs the risk either of suggesting unnecessary difficulties, of which the reader may appreciate the force more than that of the answers to them, or else of missing the mark by making the objector childish and silly. Or the mind of the reader may be cast in such a different mould from that represented in the interlocutors of the dialogue that it may miss the mark. All these difficulties Mr. Ward has avoided, we think very skilfully, and the only weak point in his dialogue is

¹ *The Wish to Believe.* By Wilfrid Ward. London: Kegan Paul and Co.

an occasional tendency to become obscure as regards the drift of the conversation, so that the ordinary reader is liable to find himself a little bewildered, and to be left too long in the dark as to whither he is being led. This at least was our experience more than once in reading through the book. We did not see the exact bearing of a page here and there until we had read it a second time and compared it with what went before and followed. An instance in point is the proof of the personal element in belief on pp. 107, 108, where the illustration seems to us to bear rather remotely on the point to be proved, and the "personality" of the witnesses to be merely another name for the reason common to all.

The real test of such a book as Mr. Ward's is the impression it leaves on the mind of a man who has read it carefully, and then puts it aside for a week. We have done this, and after the week we find ourselves with a clearly marked impression of the truth that Mr. Ward desires to convey. Besides this, we turn back to its pages with pleasure, and the arguments improve on second acquaintance, instead of losing their interest for us. There are passages scattered up and down the book which will bear the ten times repetition of the poet. The following distinction between the wish for truth and the wish for knowledge is full of wisdom :

"The wish for truth is often taken to mean merely the wish to avoid error in reasoning—the wish not to draw any conclusion beyond what is warranted by one's premises. In this sense an indifferent man who merely states that he does not know whether the soul is immortal or not, or whether natural or revealed religion be true or not, may have a wish for truth which cannot be identified with a wish to believe. But it is at the point where some one comes to him and says, 'If you bestir yourself there is more to be known,' that he has to show whether he has this merely negative wish for truth or in addition the positive wish for all attainable truth, the wish for knowledge. And it is only this last wish that in all active investigation of the different lines in which knowledge is proposed must take the form of the wish to believe" (pp. 170, 171).

Akin to this, pretended impartiality is another sign of the professed searcher after truth who is in reality indifferent to the attainment of it. Every one who has had talks with sceptics must have noticed how prone they are to hurry from one point to another without thoroughly threshing out any one of them.

"I must study all sides of the question," said Darlington; "that is only common sense."

"Master one thing at a time," replied Walton. "If you are constantly touching on every point of view you will be Jack of all trades—or views—and master of none. Study that which professes to be the one solution of the awful enigma of existence, make sure that you have felt deeply and truly its harmony and the significance of its proofs, conscious that true personal appreciation differs widely from the external view which the average mind takes at first sight. At least do not wash out one picture and replace it by another until you are sure that you have done all in your power to appreciate the first" (pp. 139, 140).

There is a side of the question discussed by Mr. Ward which occurred to us very forcibly as we read his book. He does not attempt to deal with it, except incidentally, and it is one which we have never seen fully set forth by the apologist of belief. Besides the wish to believe and indifference, there is the still more common wish *not* to believe. We admire Mr. Ward's prudence in keeping it in the background in a book which, like his, invites the goodwill of the sceptic, but we cannot help thinking that it is the true secret of so-called "indifference." There is in point of fact no such thing as indifference proper; every man has a tendency, a bias, if you will, either to belief or unbelief. Every one comes into court with a strong prejudice (if it can be called prejudice when it is on the right side) for either plaintiff or defendant. We will not enter on this wide question. We hope Mr. Ward may treat of it some day, and we shall welcome anything he has to say on the matter.

It is one of the hopeful signs of Catholicity in England that there are among the younger generation of Catholics so many who promise to take their place in the first ranks of English literature. Among them we recognize Mr. Ward as one of the most conspicuous of these, and he has moreover the advantage of inheriting the mighty name of one who has left his mark among us as a stalwart and most able champion of Truth.

2.—LIFE OF RIGHT REV. JOHN N. NEUMANN, D.D., C.S.S.R.¹

The biography of Dr. Neumann, member of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, and Bishop of the diocese of Philadelphia, U.S.A., from 1852 to 1860, furnishes us with an instance of a life of rare and heroic sanctity spent almost in our midst, yet drawing to itself little notice or observation outside the circle in which he lived. Born on Good Friday, March 28, 1811, in the ancient city of Prachatitz, towards the south-western confines of Bohemia, and of humble and pious parents, John Neumann gave early indications of a horror of sin and a fervour in the love and service of God quite beyond his years. "Only once, as his eldest sister testifies, was he punished by his father, and that was for his telling an untruth. This punishment he never forgot." Many marks of the especial favour of God are recorded respecting him; he was miraculously saved from a fatal accident; his abilities enabled him to hold the highest rank in school and in the seminary; the rectitude of his mind was singularly just and clear, and though from the first intrusted frequently with the difficult task of watching over the studies and conduct of others, he was highly esteemed and beloved by every one of his companions. Like all those who have attained in after-life to great heights of self-sacrifice and self-devotion in the service of God and the good of souls, his heart was, even in childhood, filled with the most tender sympathy to all and a generosity that could keep nothing back for himself.

During his student-life John Neumann had to fight against great disadvantages, and his soul passed through the spiritual ordeal of many an external cross, rendered yet harder to bear by interior temptations and desolations. At length disappointments and difficulties seemed to yield before him, and he quitted his native place on February 8, 1836, with the intention of carrying out in America, the land of his choice, that missionary work to which he devoted his whole future life. Yet Easter was still to find him in Paris, surrounded as before by perplexities; no letter of definite instructions having been received by him from the Bishop of Vincennes, U.S., in whose diocese

¹ *Life of Right Rev. John N. Neumann, D.D., C.S.S.R.*, fourth Bishop of Philadelphia. From the German of Rev. John A. Berger, C.S.S.R., by Rev. Eugene Grimm, C.S.S.R. New York: Benziger Brothers.

he was to labour. However, like the Magi of old, he pushed forward manfully towards the goal.

On Easter Tuesday evening he bade farewell to Paris. The resolution to confide wholly in Divine Providence was to be the guiding-star of our courageous young student, and to it he intrusted the vocation that was to be his in the New World. Arrived at the station whence the stage-coach was to start, fancy his dismay on being informed that it had left just five minutes before! To overtake it he hired a cab, at a cost of five francs; but on reaching the city limits the driver refused to proceed further. "I would not turn back," he writes, "so, trusting to my strong limbs, I trudged coolly along the road towards the sea, though the sun had already set. It grew darker and darker, the rain began to fall. The end of this night-ramble found me thoroughly drenched, though not unusually fatigued, and so I arrived at Nanterre."

Passengers who have crossed over to America in seven days may be well amazed that the hapless voyager was tossed about for forty long days before the ship could even anchor at quarantine, about three miles below Staten Island, there to remain for several days more. But his arrival soon brought him the desire of his heart. He was ordained for the missions around Niagara Falls, of which Williamsville was the headquarters. Trying in the extreme as were the hardships of his mission, Father Neumann never hinted at them in his letters home. The simple narrative of the sufferings on which he set so great store during his self-devoted labours and wearisome journeys, is of great interest and places him in the first rank of saintly and heroic missionaries. The Easter of 1840 found the missionary completely broken down; indeed from this year must date a confirmed delicacy of health. But the change led to the formation of a close intimacy with the members of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, and the good priest joined its ranks on November 29, 1840, taking his religious vows after little more than a two years' noviceship. Not long after he was appointed Superior at Pittsburg. The principles on which he acted in that office are thus enumerated by his biographer:

His sincere humility and charity towards his subjects rendered his spiritual guidance easy and delightful. Was there something disagreeable or difficult to be done, that was his by right; the easy or the honourable he left to his companions. His modesty was at all times so unaffected, so natural, that neither in word nor in act could an observer discover the least indication of his office as Superior. From

the rule he claimed no exemption, never absenting himself when avoidable from community exercises ; even if up the greater part of the night on a distant sick-call, the morning meditation found him in his accustomed place in the oratory.

If the humility and modesty, which perhaps above every other virtue characterized him, took alarm at his promotion to the post of Superior of the American Province, how much more must it have done this when he was elevated to the Episcopate and consecrated fourth Bishop of Philadelphia on March 28, 1852. The new Prelate's administration was eminently simple, solid, and practical. He was equally the father of his people as of his clergy, and while he sought to keep the dignity and the insignia of his sacred office as much out of sight as possible, his delight was to sympathize with the wants and sufferings of the humblest member of his flock, and to despoil himself of what was most necessary for his own needs in order to supply the needs of others. Dr. Neumann's plain and even shabby appearance often put the recognition of his episcopal dignity to a severe test ; on the occasion of the Bishop's visit to Rome in 1854, the writer of this review enjoyed the privilege of accompanying him as one of his improvised suite, and as the gates of the city were inexorably closed after ten o'clock against all but the especially invited prelates, it required more than the subtlest arts of persuasion, it required the actual exhibition of the episcopal ring and pectoral cross, to convince the guard that the conditions laid down for admission were fulfilled in one so poorly clad, and to enable the belated and anxious travellers to escape the unwelcome prospect of sleeping out all night in the Campagna.

Besides containing a series of striking anecdotes illustrative of Bishop Neumann's saintly virtues, his biographer gives much valuable information as regards the establishment of the Redemptorists in America, together with the formation of the diocese of Philadelphia, the spread of Catholic schools throughout it, and the erection of the Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul.

3.—THE LIFE OF MADAME DE BONNAULT D'HOUE.¹

Among the religious orders and congregations of women in which Europe has been fruitful during the past hundred years, the Institute of the Faithful Companions of Jesus is one of the most vigorous and widely spread. In England it has houses at Liverpool, Preston, Exeter, Middlesbrough, Redcar, Tottenham, Isleworth, besides several in London itself. Its good work is so obviously marked with the blessing of Almighty God that we turn with a keen interest to the Life of its Foundress, Madame Bonnault d'Houet, which Lady Herbert has lately done us the good service of bringing out in an English dress. We expect to find the success of her Institute reflected in the life of its Foundress. We expect to find, if we are right in arguing from the work to the doer of it, a life marked by many supernatural graces, by many severe trials, by crosses, disappointments, and misunderstandings without number. We expect to find a hard struggle to begin with, and many a knock-down blow from those to whom she looked for encouragement and counsel. We expect to find a strange combination of obedience and docility, with an irresistible conviction that she was doing the work of God, and that therefore He would bring it about in spite of all opposition, in His own time and way.

All this we find, and much more, in the most interesting and remarkable Life of Madame d'Houet. We will not attempt to summarize the little volume which we hope our readers will read—and we are sure will read with profit—for themselves. We will merely select one or two incidents in her life which at first we read with some surprise, and about which we should like to say a few words, because a right understanding of them gives the key to much that seems strange in itself, and can be accounted for only by the fact that in work done for God the laws of growth, the conditions of success, the influences which prove favourable or unfavourable to some new enterprise, are very different from those which belong to the natural order.

Madame de Bonnault d'Houet was married at the age of twenty to a husband who was chosen, according to French custom, by her parents. Her husband, a most excellent and

¹ *The Life of Madame de Bonnault d'Houet*, Foundress of the Faithful Companions of Jesus. Translated by Lady Herbert. Dublin: Gill and Son.

pious man, died a year after their marriage. In her early life, both before and after her marriage, she was fond of the amusements of the world. Balls and theatres were to her a source of hearty and innocent pleasure. Even after her husband's death she continued to go into society with hearty enjoyment. But God was calling her to higher things step by step, first in one way, then in another. He intimated to her that she had a higher life in store for her. He began to lead her in the path of perfection. When she was about thirty-five years old she offered the shelter of her house to the Jesuit Père Varin. God sent him for her guidance, and from that time he began to lead her towards the work God designed for her. Here began the strange vicissitudes of her life. She began to long after the religious life, and that interior impulse which is so unmistakable to those who have once experienced its Heaven-sent promptings, urged her to carry out her desire. But she was to undergo many a "*rude épreuve*" before obtaining her wish. She was unceasingly snubbed, nay persecuted, by her Jesuit directors, not merely for a short time of probation, but even after her Institute was established and approved. Their conduct towards her was often in appearance hard and arbitrary, but the best proof of the wisdom of their guidance was her reliance on their direction and the courage which they infused into her even when apparently most severe. In one respect they opposed her Institute most perseveringly. They objected to the name, "Faithful Companions of Jesus," and at Rome did their best to get it changed, so much so that they left even upon the Holy Father (Leo the Twelfth) the impression that they were hostile to the new Institute. They were unsuccessful in their opposition to the name, but we cannot but admire their prudence. Madame d'Houet, like so many modern foundresses, aimed at a close approximation to Jesuit rule.

It is not [she says in her journal] in the footsteps of some earthly Saint that we wish to walk, but in those of Jesus Christ. Our Lord received women into His society, and they followed Him faithfully to the end. . . . If we wish to imitate the children of St. Ignatius, it is because they themselves are the closest imitators of Jesus Christ (p. 91).

Now, one of St. Ignatius' most strict injunctions was against any sort of third order. The similarity of "*Compagnons de Jésus*" to the name "*Compagnie de Jésus*" might have afforded some ground for regarding Madame d'Houet's Institute in this

light, had it not been for the disavowal, nay, the opposition offered by the Jesuits to the new society. This is the real explanation of the following paragraph, which otherwise seems strangely inconsistent with the fact that the Society of Jesus had been the foster-parent of the new Institute. After Madame d'Houet had obtained from the Holy Father himself, and that on the very feast of St. Ignatius, the extraordinary favour of a Brief which the Pope himself dictated,

On her return to France, after having informed the bishops of the various dioceses where the society was established of the result of her journey, and communicating to them the Brief of praise which the Sovereign Pontiff had deigned to grant her, our venerable Foundress, by the advice of the Archbishop of Amiens, made the same communication to the Jesuit Fathers. She was immediately met by a determined opposition on their part. The object of it was directed especially against the name of "Faithful Companions of Jesus:" this name, which had been in our Mother's heart from the very beginning of the society, and which she had kept carefully hidden for six years, not wishing to take it without the authorization of the Vicar of Christ himself, and which appeared now for the first time in the Brief which Leo the Twelfth had given her.

It was this name which they wished her to alter, offering to use all the credit they possessed at Rome to effect this change; but in case of her refusal they threatened to use all their influence against her and against our society (pp. 151, 152).

Yet in spite of this opposition, the Brief of approval was duly signed and sealed, and though the Jesuits have no more special connection with the Faithful Companions of Jesus than they have with any other of the orders or congregations that have borrowed from the rule of St. Ignatius, yet no one can read this beautiful life without recognizing many traits of Jesuit devotion in the foundation of Madame d'Houet. Her constant motto was that true Jesuit maxim, Courage and Confidence! She had a special devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus and to the Immaculate Conception of His holy Mother. Just before her death she remarked that one's only happiness consists in saving souls.

Madame d'Houet's Life is one which cannot fail to interest the reader, and the fact that it is translated by Lady Herbert is a sufficient guarantee that the style is graceful and the English pure.

4.—TRAITÉ DE DROIT NATUREL THÉORIQUE ET APPLIQUÉ.¹

The practical school of politicians teach that it is of little use to discuss abstract principles of Government, the best plan being to look at actual history, see what nations have really prospered, and copy the institutions which have approved themselves by success. Such is not the plan which recommends itself to M. Rothe. He judges, and judges rightly, that Governments, if they are to be what they ought to be, must be founded and carried out on a well-established ground-work of eternal justice. Hence he spares no pains to begin with the simplest divisions and build up a body of science in orderly manner, all resting, we do not say on the hypothesis, but on the grand truth of Theism, and of what goes beyond this, Christianity. It being impossible to follow our author throughout his volume, we will select for comment one point, which is of special interest, and of which his treatment calls for special remark.

It is the view of Bellarmine and Suarez that political power is, by natural law, vested in the people, from the mere fact of their coming together into one community; but that, as this power cannot be exercised by all in common, some man, or collection of men, must be chosen, in whom authority to rule shall repose. M. Rothe does not like this theory. He thinks it dangerous in its consequences; but, as mere danger from a truth would not make it untrue, he feels bound to show cause for thinking that the two eminent Jesuits are mistaken in their doctrine. The danger he apprehends is an impetus lent to Revolution, and to a perpetual setting-up, and up-setting of Governments by a fickle people. Nor does he think that Suarez can consistently defend—though he does defend—the stability of thrones, or of what corresponds to thrones. Now certain facts do seem to tell against Suarez. Who can point to a primitive Government originally set up by the vote of all the people, men and women, or even by the vast majority of them? De Maistre goes so far as to say, *La souveraineté est toujours prise, jamais donnée* and he adds, *une seconde théorie plus profonde découvre en suite qu'il en doit être ainsi*. M. Rothe does not contest that

¹ *Traité de Droit Naturel Théorique et Appliqué*. Par Tancrède Rothe, Docteur en Droit, Professeur aux Facultés Catholiques de Lille. Paris: L. Larose et Forcel, 22, Rue Soufflot, 1885.

authority may sometimes have the origin which Suarez assigns to it; but he denies that this is the only legitimate origin. He believes in something which Carlyle was never tired of asserting, that a real king is one who *can*—who is a born leader of men and who takes up his position because it is his. So M. Rothe holds that one man, or certain men, are often so adapted to rule their fellows for the best interests of all, that it becomes a simple duty for others to acquiesce in the natural fitness of things. An acquiescence suffices without any election, and the acquiescence need not be by the multitude. For, it appears, just as there are naturally designated rulers, so there may be naturally designated approvers of these rulers—namely, a few of the most influential. The Patriarch of a large family or clan, gradually merging into a King, is an instance of M. Rothe's meaning.

The above outline will suffice to give an idea of the innovation aimed at—so far as it is a real innovation—upon the doctrines of Suarez. In behalf of the latter we would suggest the following considerations. Suarez could not but be aware of the practical impossibility or undesirability of literally polling the whole multitude, and of the fact that the leaders of men do ordinarily rise to the surface by their own inherent powers. Still with these facts before him he would persist that his theory was the abstract statement of the origin of civil power. A people needs a Government, and God has left it to the people to determine that Government for themselves. In the abstract one man has no more right to rule than another; one man has no more right to elect a ruler than another. The ruler, in the ordinary course of things, must rest his title ultimately upon election, and the people are the electors. But as stability is essential to good Government, they must bear with many inconveniences before they seek to shake off the power that they have put over themselves; they must use means of reform short of rebellion; and if rebellion is ever in rare instances justified, about which we here say nothing, it will be in most rare and extreme cases.

As to the *de facto* origins of Government, few perhaps are throughout their whole course legitimate. The case is very like the amassing of large fortunes throughout a succession of generations in the same family. In both instances prescription has to come in to rectify injustices that can no longer, with reference to the common good, be corrected by way of renouncement or restitution.

But to return to the legitimate modes of forming a Government. These are, according to our author, three in number.

(1) La conquête légitime, dans l'hypothèse extraordinaire mais possible, d'une multitude sans lien politique justement subjugué ; (2). La promesse valide faite par les fondateurs d'un état, chacun en ce que le concerne, de reconnaître en tel homme ou un tel être collectif leur souverain ; (3). Le fait que, par rapport à un groupe donné, tel homme ou tel être collectif est le mieux en mesure de faire le bien commun.

Another point on which M. Rothe differs from Suarez and from the common teaching, and is content with his own reasoning and the company of Gerson, is as to whether the civil power can ever give a direct command, the sin of disobeying which could be called a special sin against authority as vested in man, and not a sin only against God Himself. M. Rothe thinks that political power cannot command directly in the way described. It can express its will as to what is to be done for the common good ; it can define obligations not otherwise determined ; but in all cases the moral obligation comes straight from the law of mutual charity, in the enforcement of which law the human Government has a coercive power. It seems to us that the ordinary doctrine on this point is the true one. And the author further perplexes us by occasionally defining the scope of civil power as the prevention of evil, and occasionally as the furtherance of the greater good of the state. In one page we have the two modes of expression, which are not identical, occurring together. We have the definition :

La souveraineté politique est le pouvoir de contraindre les hommes en vue de leur bien commun tant physique que moral, sans être subordonné à une autorité supérieure de même nature.

But then, we have constantly recurring phrases where this promotion of the common good seems to be restricted to stopping mischief. Such limiting sentiments are the following.

La souveraineté politique ne dépasse pas les limites du pouvoir d'empêcher des désordres. . . . Ces pouvoirs ne dépassent point en effet les bornes du pouvoir d'empêcher le mal, les violations des droits et les actes contre soi-même.

We submit that the civil power is not transgressing its own limits when it makes and enforces laws having for their object the positive progress of the nation in well-being, apart from the mere prevention of harm.

It may seem ungracious to have spoken rather of points of disagreement than of the many points of agreement between M. Rothe and ourselves. But at least what we have said has been spoken in no spirit of hostility: nor do we think the author's theory as to the origin of political power to be, at bottom, so very divergent from that of Suarez, when both theories are brought to the test of practical application. And just as the author surmises that Bellarmine and Suarez may have been unwittingly led to take up their view by the political dangers of their time, so we venture to surmise that M. Rothe's objection to the old doctrine is partly the outcome of present political dangers in France. He dreads the doctrine that all power is from the people, because he knows how that doctrine is being abused. Still he allows that possible abuse is no disproof; and other mode of disproof we think he has none.

5.—HYMNS AND VERSES.¹

What abundance of material for the highest poetry our religion furnishes us with! This is the thought which is uppermost in our minds as we turn over the pages of *Hymns and Verses*. The Catholic idea of God, of His loving, minute and all powerful protection, truly the Father of men, how superior to the Zeus or Jupiter of the ancients! Or if the eyes of ordinary poets cannot approach to gaze upon that ineffable Essence without being "blasted with excess of light," they may turn to the God-Man, Jesus Christ, whose Person and whole Life are so fitted to inspire the highest raptures of poetry. The adorable loveliness and majesty of His Person and character, and His self-sacrificing love for us; His Nativity, Epiphany, Presentation, all the Divine mysteries of His Public Life, and of His Passion and Death—how infinitely superior are these as subjects of poetry to the rather dubious actions of Apollo or Mercury, which Horace celebrates! Again His Life in the Blessed Eucharist, all that Holy Communion implies, the devotion of the Sacred Heart, leave far behind any analogous teachings of Paganism as subjects for poetry. Our Blessed Lady again, what poetic feelings are associated with her name! Unbelievers even are forced to confess themselves captivated by it. And, finally, what a soul-inspiring

¹ *Hymns and Verses*. By Lady Catherine Petre. London: Burns and Oates.

theme is the Church, who lives with the life of her Divine Spouse, and whose history bears so close a resemblance to His earthly life of ignominy, suffering and persecution. Horace and Virgil, as they contemplated the city of Rome, and thought of its power and glory and all that it had done in the world, were carried away by their poetic feelings. What man, whose mind has not been warped by prejudice, can look back without emotion on the long line of Roman Pontiffs? Almost to a man learned and pious, very many of them of extraordinary ability, they ruled so many millions through eighteen centuries not by the might of the sword, but by the moral force of religious ideas. The Church too was always on the side of peace, order, and just liberty, and by degrees out of the barbarism of the dark ages she has formed our wonderful European civilization. All this is matter eminently fitted for the poet. And we need not rest the proof of our thesis on internal evidence alone; there are poems on these subjects which are acknowledged to be among the very best that we have of sacred poetry. The *Stabat Mater*, *Dies Iræ*, Milton's *Hymn on the Nativity*, Dante's *Divina Commedia*, *Paradise Lost*, and *Paradise Regained* have already taken their place along with the best that the human mind has produced.

But although a good subject is the first and main requisite of poetry, it is not everything; form goes for a great deal in an art whose primary object is to give pleasure. The language, the metre, the rhymes, the sentiments, all must combine towards this end. And so fastidious are we become that, if any one of these elements be defective, we refuse to be pleased, we refuse to accept what is thus offered as poetry.

And as if all this were not enough, there must be in true poetry an undefinable enthusiasm, a "fine frenzy," an *afflatus*, the absence of which reduces verse to bad prose cut into lengths. In a word, to write poetry is a very difficult thing to do, and a true poet is a being very seldom seen in our humdrum, matter-of-fact, work-a-day world.

The book before us is too modest to aspire to the highest rank of poetry. It consists mainly of pieces which are the simple, straight-forward expressions of a devout Catholic soul on religious subjects, and on the phases of the spiritual life. We hope we are not unduly biassed in favour of what first saw the light in our pages, but we think that the pieces at the end of the volume are the best. We would particularly mention

Sic facientem, and *The son of a king for me*. The latter piece is well conceived and well worked out. Hildegard is a beautiful maiden, "rich with the wealth of lands and gold." Many suitors seek her hand, but she proudly rejects them all, they are all beneath her, "the son of a king for me," she exclaims. She has decked herself in her best, and at the command of the King's son she is to be presented at Court; she is full of proud expectation, but before setting out she kneels before her crucifix to say one prayer.

But a sudden thrill shot through her frame,
And she seemed to gasp for breath,
As she strained her eyes to the Crucified,
Who had loved her to bitter death,—

And a voice that pierced her inmost soul,
Said, "Give thyself up to Me:
For I am the Son of a mighty King,
And I gave up all for thee."

She gave one cry, at His feet she lay,
While the burning tears fell fast:
His power had triumphed o'er worldly pride
Her heart had been won at last!

And so she enters the convent.

We notice one or two little oversights that it might be well to correct in a second edition. In the piece on the Assumption, surely "*triumphant day*" ought to be rather *triumphal day*. More than once lines which start on the first stanza rhyming together, break away from each other as the piece proceeds, although the form of the stanzas is the same throughout. Italics ought not to be necessary in poetry, the accent should bring out the emphasis. But perhaps the Editor was unwilling to alter the manuscript, and regarded it as more respectful to Lady Petre's memory to leave her beautiful little poems entirely untouched.

6.—HISTORY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.¹

Good work has been done by Father Prunte in translating the *History of the Catholic Church*, by Dr. Heinrich Brueck. The learned German professor has written it for the use of Colleges and Seminaries, and he has certainly succeeded in bringing

¹ *History of the Catholic Church*. By Dr. Heinrich Brueck, Professor of Theology in the Ecclesiastical Seminary of Mentz. Translated by Rev. E. Prunte. With an Introduction by Right Rev. Mgr. James A. Corcoran, S.T.D. New York: Benziger Brothers, 1885.

forth a work which ought to be invaluable as a text-book. The critics of Germany have received it very favourably, and, as far as we can judge, with reason, for it is a model of historic accuracy and conciseness, which it would be well for many of our modern historians to imitate. The contents of the first volume comprise the chief events from the Advent of the Messias to the end of the Pontificate of Boniface the Eighth. This volume is divided into two epochs, each of which is sub-divided into two periods; in each period, we consider separately the external and the internal condition of the Church.

One very important feature of the work is the importance given to the constitution of the Church, the development of its doctrine, and its worship and discipline in each successive period, so that you can trace at once the different stages through which the Church has passed in the use of its sacraments, in its Liturgy, and in its general religious life. The chief points of doctrine in the different heresies are proposed in such a way as to show that the author has fully grasped their essential features, and wherever necessary, as in the case of Pelagianism, the true doctrine of the Catholic is as carefully noted. The knotty points in early Church history are treated succinctly, but clearly. We cannot do better than quote the author's own words in judging of the conduct of Pope Vigilius in the quarrel on the Three Chapters.

The vacillating conduct of Vigilius was principally caused by the trying circumstances in which he was placed. The condemnation of the Three Chapters, which might be misused by the Monophysites to the degradation of the Council of Chalcedon, had brought the Western Bishops into collision with the Apostolic See, while the defence of the same had occasioned outrages of various kinds to be inflicted on the Pope, and left the worst to be dreaded for the East. The change in the conduct of Vigilius was regulated as the one or the other of these motives prevailed. But these contradictory decisions did not touch the dogma itself. In this the Pope preserved his consistency, as is proved by his censure of the extracts containing erring propositions of Theodore's and Theodoret's writings. The question is whether or not it was opportune to condemn the writings named, seeing that the Council of Chalcedon had not decided that they should be rejected.

7.—THE FAITH OF CATHOLICS.¹

In the new edition of the *Faith of Catholics*, which has just been published in America, we have a useful reprint of a very valuable work. That such a work should have been produced at the beginning of the present century, when Catholics in England were a mere handful, is one of the many facts which often makes one doubt if our activity, especially in literary work, has really kept pace with our increase in numbers. The first compilers of this great collection of proofs of Catholic doctrine from the Scriptures and the writings of the early Fathers were Fathers Berington and Kirk. In its original form the book went through two editions. In 1846 a third edition was published at a time when, on account of the point which the Tractarian movement had then reached, such a publication was especially opportune. This third edition was almost a new work, for Dr. Waterworth, who edited it, largely recast the work of Berington and Kirk, made numerous additions, and in the course of the four years during which he was engaged upon it, read for the purpose the available works of every ecclesiastical writer of the first five centuries. The edition just published in America under Mgr. Capel's editorship is, he tells us, substantially a reprint of Dr. Waterworth's edition. But he has added in the appendix to the third volume a chronological list of the Popes of the first six centuries, a reprint of the chapter on the testimony of the Fathers to the Immaculate Conception, from Dr. Ullathorne's well-known work, and a translation of the decree of the Council of the Vatican on the Primacy and Infallibility of the Pope, the chapter on the Primacy of St. Peter and his Successors (vol. ii. pp. 1—108) being referred to for the patristic testimonies to these doctrines, a good proof that there was no new theory proposed in the Vatican decree, for these chapters stand as they did in the edition of 1846. These are useful additions. It is, however, a pity that there is no general index to all three volumes. We are sure that if the publishers would even now print a separate one, they would greatly increase the practical utility of a very useful work.

There is no need of any further recommendation on our

¹ *The Faith of Catholics confirmed by Scripture and attested by the Fathers of the First Five Centuries of the Church.* With Preface by the Right Rev. Mgr. Capel, D.D. In three volumes. F. Pustet and Co., New York and Cincinnati, 1885.

part of a work which has stood so well the best test, that of repeated publication, and we trust this new edition will find a wide circle of readers. Few outside the Church have any idea of the strength of the patristic argument for Catholic doctrine. High Churchmen who appeal so readily to primitive tradition have generally no clear idea what that tradition is. Low Churchmen and Dissenters who talk of mediæval corruptions are, as a rule, in utter ignorance of the fact that the Fathers bear witness that if Catholic doctrines are corrupt doctrines, the corruption must have taken place in the very first age of that Church, which Christ promised to guard from error to the end of time. Finally the argument from the Fathers has a value even against sceptics, as it proves the historical fact that a Church that is one in doctrine has been in existence from the first century to the nineteenth. We may safely challenge them to explain this fact on any other theory than that of revelation and Divine assistance. Thus for all classes outside the Church these three goodly volumes supply strong documentary evidence in support of Catholic truth.

8.—LIFE OF ST. CLARE.¹

It is well remarked in the Preface to this book that the Lives of the Saints form one of the noblest and most interesting subjects that the pen of the Christian writer can be employed on. He has to record victories the most glorious won over the infernal enemy and over the tyranny of human passion; he has to tell of a fortitude which is superior to all worldly attractions, to all earthly adversities, and which leads to the unfading crown of heavenly bliss; his object is to incite men to the imitation of the virtues practised by the saints on earth, and to awaken in them the desire to participate in their happy lot in the Heavenly Jerusalem. The life of St. Clare of Montefalco is rich in examples of extraordinary virtue; the spirit of mortification, the love of the Cross, the desire to resemble as far as possible the Crucified Redeemer, form its leading characteristics; characteristics which, as is stated in the decree of her canonization, are strikingly absent from the heart and daily life of Christians in the present day. During

¹ *Life of St. Clare of Montefalco.* Translated from the Italian by the Rev. J. A. Locke, O.S.A. Benziger Brothers, New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis, 1884.

her lifetime St. Clare enjoyed a widespread reputation for eminent sanctity, and after her death the numerous miracles worked and wonderful favours obtained by her intercession, caused her to be endowed by public acclamation with the title of Saint. But although the process of her canonization was completed within eighteen years from the date of her death, the issuing of the decree was postponed, and it was only after an interval of nearly six centuries that she was raised to the altars of the Church by the present Pontiff in September, 1881.

It has been said that devotion to our Lord's Passion was the leading feature of her life, and it is remarkable at what an early age her love of penance manifested itself. What would be thought now-a-days of a tiny child of four or five years old who "mortified her innocent and tender flesh with scourges she had interwoven together from little cords," who was "often heard to cry aloud, as she passed along in the open air, 'Mercy, O Lord, mercy!' as though she were the greatest of sinners, at the same time beating her breast and piercing it with prickly chestnut-burrs?" Yet such things are recorded of St. Clare; and as she advanced in years and strength, her austerities increased in proportion. Not only did she punish herself severely and humiliate herself deeply for the most trifling fault or infraction of her Rule—at the age of seven years she had retired to an hermitage, where her sister and some other pious women were living a life of seclusion from the world—but she was ready to take upon herself the chastisement due to the faults of others, and thus imitate Him who bore the sins of the whole world. Many times her prayers obtained the conversion of sinners sunk in the depths of vice, the reform of persons leading a scandalous life; many a time she appeased the Divine wrath, asking that upon her might be visited the sufferings others had merited.

At the time in which St. Clare lived (1268—1308) it was the fashion for pious women who desired to live apart from the distractions of the world, without following the conventual rule or wearing a distinctive dress, to gather together in hermitages. Four such houses existed in the neighbourhood of Montefalco, that inhabited by St. Clare having been erected by her father to satisfy the wishes of his elder daughter, who was the Superioress. As the numbers of the community increased, and a larger house was required, it was thought advisable, not to found a fresh Order, but to form part of one already

regularly established and approved by the Church. The selection was referred to the Bishop, who determined in favour of the Augustinian ; and into that Order they were consequently incorporated. On the death of her sister, Clare was chosen Abbess, although only twenty-three years of age. She displayed great prudence in the government of her religious family, enforcing obedience to the Rule in its minutest points, and never wearying of exciting her subjects to the love of God. Never did she suffer to go uncorrected a single unguarded word that might in the remotest degree tend to tarnish the purity of their faith, nor did she allow them even to speak to persons suspected of heresy. She set before them the most admirable examples of humility by fulfilling the most menial offices, rendering the most humble and revolting services to the sick, ministering to those afflicted with leprosy and other repulsive diseases ; endeavouring by every means in her power to imbue her subjects with a low opinion of herself.

To St. Clare the Passion of Jesus Christ was the dearest and most familiar subject of meditation, and the vast field of His awful sufferings was ever before her mental gaze. During the first twenty years of her life this devotion was rewarded by consolation and sweetness, accompanied with peace and joy, ecstasies and supernatural favours ; but this was succeeded by a period of desolation and darkness, temptation and trial.

Clare was destined to undergo those trials which are more painful to devout souls than any martyrdom. . . . She was one day in her cell with her companion Marina, and they were conversing on heavenly things, when the discourse turned upon the goodness of her Divine Spouse Jesus. "Oh, how merciful and loving and kind He is," said she "that He gives us everything we ask for ! He vouchsafes to grant me the grace to witness His entire Passion every time I ask Him." "But," answered Marina, "I too ask for this grace, and beg God earnestly for it ; but I know I do not deserve to be heard, because I have not that lively faith which you have." These few words of Marina penetrated to the heart of Clare, and sufficed to awaken therein the faintest feeling of vanity, as though she were more favoured of God than others. She afterwards confessed the fault with tears. It was a slight fault, indeed ; but in the plans of Divine Providence it offered an excellent occasion for giving the enemy of her salvation greater power to tempt her, that her soul might thus be purified in the furnace of tribulation. And now every fierce temptation seemed as though it were unchained and let loose upon the saint ; the clear vision of the Passion of Jesus Christ was taken from her, and in its stead her fancy

was filled with the foulest and most shameful images ; her former peace was changed into an intense desolation of spirit. There was no scheme that her malignant tempter did not employ to overcome her constancy ; . . . not only did he tempt her to unholy actions and to complacency in the same, but he stirred up within her a storm of passions and a fierce enticement to their gratification, so that the wretched Clare saw herself surrounded, nay, overwhelmed on every side (pp. 45, 46).

For eleven years her soul remained a stranger to comfort ; but God who allowed His servant thus to suffer, was careful also to reward her. During this period of spiritual conflict she received signal favours of light and grace, and was gifted with such great knowledge that she could reason on things both human and Divine without having studied them. She was able to solve the most abstruse questions. Bishops and priests admired her wisdom, theologians and philosophers proposed to her their doubts and difficulties ; she unveiled the sophisms of heretics and refuted their errors with marvellous ability. Nor must it be supposed that one thus tried by God was without trial and persecution from men ; religious of other orders, either envious of the repute of St. Clare's nuns, or urged on by the devil, spread infamous calumnies respecting them, but this only afforded her an opportunity to imitate her Redeemer by pardoning her enemies, and avenging herself by acts of generous kindness and special affection ; several times she sent a portion of the alms she received to a nun who by her unscrupulous slanders had sought to bring the Saint into ill-repute.

That which is most remarkable and interesting in the life of St. Clare, and the thing which distinguishes her from other saints is that she literally bore in her body the image of the Crucified Redeemer. She did not receive the sacred stigmata like St. Francis, nor had she her heart pierced by a seraph like St. Teresa, but our Lord Himself vouchsafed to picture within her the mysteries of His Passion. This occurred when she was thirty-three years of age, and whilst she was absorbed in sorrowful contemplation of the Passion :

On a sudden she saw standing before her the august object of her sympathetic grief, the Saviour Himself, clothed in a white garment, and wearing on His countenance a smile of sweetest tenderness. He was in the guise of a pilgrim, and bore His Cross upon His shoulders. Turning towards her, He said that He wished to plant that very Cross in her heart. He spoke and it was done. The words of the Almighty

were immediately followed by a wonderful effect. That very instant, not only was the Cross planted in her heart, but all the mysteries of the Passion were impressed upon and depicted in the cavity of that same heart. She felt at that moment the greatness of the favour and the miracle and thenceforward contemplated the sufferings of Jesus, not in Jerusalem or on Calvary, but in herself (p. 117).

After her death, in the process of embalming her body, her heart was found to be of an extraordinary size; it was opened, and all present saw to their great amazement, the figure of the Crucified formed in flesh, lying in a cavity of the heart. Further examination resulted in finding another tendon formed likewise on the inner wall of the heart, exactly alike in shape to the lash with which Jesus was scourged at the pillar.

When this reached the ears of the Vicar-General, he thought it an imposture, and, accompanied by some distinguished theologians and physicians, proceeded to the convent, to reprimand and punish the nuns.

The religious endeavoured to justify themselves, but their best justification was to present to him the heart of St. Clare, so that he might himself examine it and pass judgment on it. He refused disdainfully at first to look at it, but afterwards consented; and what was his astonishment to see for himself the figures of the Crucified and of the scourge! But what heightened his astonishment and added greater lustre to the triumph of the truth was that he himself and those with him discovered by their critical examination other emblems of the mysteries of the Passion; that is to say, the pillar, the crown of thorns, the three nails, the lance, and the reed with the sponge. These were represented with such realistic effect that the Vicar-General, in touching the point of the lance and of the nails, was pierced by them as though they were of iron. They were so astonished that words failed them to express their thoughts, and, struck with the greatness of the prodigy, they confessed that it was the work of the Almighty (p. 167).

Amongst the supernatural gifts possessed and exercised by St. Clare, one of the most marvellous was that of raising the dead. Two years before her happy transition to the joys of Paradise, she recalled to life a man who, having been killed by the falling in of a pit which he was excavating, had died without the sacraments; he lived long enough to settle both the affairs of his soul and also his temporal concerns, and then calmly fell asleep again in the Lord. Very much the same story is also recorded in reference to a lay-sister of the Augustinian Order.

During the last two or three years of the Saint's life her physical sufferings were very great, and she was only able to leave her bed at rare intervals. She bore all her weakness and pain with heroic courage and resignation, but at length succumbed rather to the vehemence and frequency of her ecstasies than to any definite disease. Thus all her trials and conflicts were at an end, her triumph was complete, her virtue and sanctity received their crown.

We must congratulate the translator on the excellence of his translation, and sincerely re-echo the wish he expresses, that his labours may redound to the honour of God, the glory of St. Clare, and the good of souls.

9.—AN AMERICAN LAWYER'S ARGUMENT FOR CHRISTIANITY.¹

We learn from Mr. Burnett's title-page that he is the author of two previous works, one, *The Path which led a Protestant Lawyer to the Catholic Church*, the other, *Recollections and Opinions of an old Pioneer*. We could, if we mistake not, even without this hint have traced something of both the lawyer and the pioneer in his newest work. We see the pioneer in numerous recollections of early days in what were forty years ago frontier states, recollections referred to not inaptly as illustrations of this or that part of the argument. There is also evidence of close observation and wonderful familiarity with wild animal life, a kind of knowledge that stands the author in good stead in his discussion of the objections raised by evolutionists against the argument from design. It is this knowledge too, we venture to think, that has made the argument from design our author's favourite one. We see the lawyer at every turn, not only in the habit of clear statement and definite argument, but also in such passages as that where dealing with the internal argument for Holy Scripture, and questions of the concord between Scripture and science, he appeals very tellingly to the rules recognized in his profession for the interpretation of legal evidence. The book is largely composed of extracts, a host of writers being called as witnesses for or against the main argument. The objections of adversaries are stated in their own

¹ *Reasons why we should Believe in God, Love God, and Obey God.* By Peter H. Burnett. New York: Catholic Publication Society. London: Burns and Oates, 1884.

words, and we have on the other side some of the most telling passages from Catholic writers living and dead, as well as evidence on points of fact from travellers, archæologists, and men of science. Of this free use of extracts the author says in his Preface :

Having commenced this work at an advanced period of life when my capacity to labour was so much abridged and my remaining time so limited, I have very freely availed myself of the labours of others. But while this work will be very largely composed of extracts from other writers, I think it will be found that the line of argument pursued is new in some important respects.

There is no need for such an apology. Where a writer is collecting evidence in support of a central thesis he does well to cite the very words of foe and friend, the objections and admissions of the former, the well put arguments of the latter, and to adduce on questions of fact the detailed evidence of recognized authorities. Mr. Burnett has quoted to good purposes from a very wide extent of reading (in which we are glad to see *THE MONTH* has a place), and his book is none the less valuable, because it puts the student in possession of the most important portions of so many others.

The argument is divided into four parts. First, the existence of God is proved by means of the argument from design. The author refuses to go into any previous question as to the external world and our knowledge of it, remarking that—

By the very act of composing and publishing a work, an author absolutely assumes his own existence and that of the external world. I shall therefore waste no time in the attempt to prove facts that I think require no proof. I begin by assuming my own existence and that of the external world around me. Should any one dispute those positions, I must remain silent. I have no reply to make.

He then lays down the principle :

That order and system are the legitimate and immediate products of intellect and instinct, but were the original products of intellect alone.

The truth of the principle having been dwelt upon and illustrated, it is applied to a large mass of facts in nature, each group of facts being marshalled to give new evidence of purpose—of mind at work in creation. The second part deals very fully with the objections against the argument from design, drawn from the theory of evolution. As a specimen of the

author's style, we quote here an argument from a very familiar fact, which seems to show that a structure otherwise unintelligible may sometimes be explained, if it is remembered that the lower creation is for man's use and advantage :

Mr. Darwin thinks the sting of the bee imperfect. "Can we consider the sting of the bee as perfect, which, when used against many kinds of enemies, cannot be withdrawn owing to the backward serrations, and thus inevitably causes the death of the insect by tearing out its viscera?"² If the bee could use its sting repeatedly, like the wasp or the hornet, it would be better for the insect, but much worse for man. The bee is one of the creatures intended for man's especial benefit, as it gathers honey as well for him as for itself. If this *now* useful industrious little worker could only use its sting often, without the necessary loss of its own life in the act, no man could keep a hive of bees about his place. . . . Mr. Darwin has this passage: "If it could be proved that any part of the structure of any one species has been formed for the exclusive good of another species, it would annihilate my theory, for such could not have been produced through natural selection."³ I readily agree with the learned author that the sting of the bee is imperfect, so far as the insect is concerned. The *barbs* upon the end of the sting are certainly *very important* "parts of the structure of the species," as they "inevitably cause the death of the insect when used against many kinds of enemies." Those barbs are not at all *necessary* to the sting, as the weapon would be far more useful without them, so far as the welfare of the bee itself is *alone* concerned. Then as those barbs cannot be of any conceivable use to the bee, but in fact cause its destruction, they must have been "formed for the exclusive use of another species." . . . I cannot perceive how these facts can be reconciled with the author's theory. On the creational theory we can well understand why parts of the structure of one species should be formed for the exclusive good of another species. In this case the barbs are not only useless but injurious to the bee.

In the third part, having completed the argument from design, the author turns to a new branch of his subject. First he shows that given that God exists, it is reasonable to expect a revelation, and he then proceeds to prove the fact that a revelation has been given. This portion of the subject is divided into two main parts, one dealing with the Mosaic, the other with the Christian dispensation; a short, but very clear statement of the argument from prophecy, forms a kind of link between the two. The question of the authenticity of the Pentateuch and its age is examined at considerable length, and a great mass

² *Origin of Species*, p. 163.

³ *Ibid.* p. 162.

of evidence is brought to bear on the subject. The argument as to the authenticity of the Gospels is given more briefly, but is sufficiently stated. In this part the argument that has pleased us most, is that drawn from the spread of Christianity in the pagan world, first in the Roman Empire, then in other lands. These are among the most interesting pages of a very interesting work. Finally, before summing up his argument, the author deals at some length with various popular objections of Christianity.

The author of course writes neither as a professor of science, nor as a trained theologian. He speaks to men living busy lives in a busy world, and he speaks their language. But he is popular without being inaccurate, and thanks to the careful use of recognized authorities he has, so far as we can judge, given throughout a substantially accurate statement of Catholic doctrine, on a wide range of very difficult questions.⁴ Such a testimony as this to the force of the evidence for Christianity coming from a layman will probably produce an effect in many quarters where the words of a priest would not be listened to. The book is a valuable storehouse of arguments and facts, and the author is to be congratulated on having done good service to the cause of truth.

⁴ We have noticed only one inaccuracy of any importance. If we understand the author rightly, he says (at p. 507) the Adam and Eve before the Fall would probably be subject to internal temptations to pride. This would not be the case, all their temptations must have been from without.

Literary Record.

I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

WE have received from America a tale of the first century of the Christian era, the scenes of which are laid in Palestine, at the time of our Lord's Public Ministry, and when the Roman forces were engaged in repulsing the inroads of the Phœnician tribes.¹ The principal characters of the story are an aged Jewish nobleman living in retirement at his magnificent villa of Dalmanutha, on the shore of the Sea of Genesareth, and his youthful daughter, the lovely Elikah, whom at his death he entrusts to the guardianship of the manager of his estates, Adherbal. This man, though he enjoys the perfect confidence of his employer, is a fratricide and a consummate scoundrel; with the aid of some other unscrupulous individuals, he intrigues to defraud Elikah of her father's wealth, but is circumvented and baffled by Octavius, a brave Roman officer, the devoted lover of the youthful heiress. Through her gentle influence, Octavius is induced to embrace the Jewish faith, and afterwards, through the teaching of the Redeemer and the Apostle St. John, he becomes a Christian. Elikah does the same, and is denounced by the traitor Adherbal; she flies from her home, but cannot succeed in eluding his vengeance. We leave the reader to unwind for himself the thread of this narrative, which gives pictures of the luxuries of Oriental refinement, and the convivial intercourse of the Roman camp, while the theories of Pagan philosophers and the fundamental beliefs of Judaism are freely discussed and expounded in its pages. Suffice it to say that Adherbal, after staining his hands with the blood of his innocent victim, disappears, to be found again in the monastery upon Mount Carmel, where Octavius has also retired, "peace-

¹ *Octavius, a Tale of the First Century.* By A. T. E. New York: D. and J. Sadlier and Co., 1884.

fully to wait for the Angel of Deliverance," who shall permit "his sanctified soul to meet in the realms above the martyred Virgin of Dalmanutha."

Gaston de Ségur, the latest volume of the Quarterly Series,² is a biography of the late Mgr. de Ségur, many of whose popular devotional and controversial works are well known in England. His life is a very interesting one, much of its interest arising from the fact that Mgr. de Ségur lost his sight at the age of thirty-four, and passed twenty-six years of active and zealous work in complete blindness. He never lost for a moment the cheerful courage which always animated him, but he preached, wrote books, helped in Catholic organization, and devoted himself to personal work for the poor and suffering, as zealously as he had done before this great blow fell upon him. Such a life carries with it a lesson too plain to need pointing out.

Catholic publishers can do no better work for Catholic literature than that of giving us cheap reprints of books of recognized value. We are therefore glad to point out to our readers an excellent shilling edition of the late J. F. Maguire's work on the Pontificate of Pius the Ninth,³ which has just been published by Messrs. Gill and Son. In the last edition the history only came down to the seizure of Rome by the Italian Government. In this edition Mgr. Patterson has briefly sketched the closing years of Pius the Ninth, and the work now concludes with the election of the reigning Pontiff. Considering that the book contains about four hundred well-printed pages, it is wonderfully cheap. The more we have of such popular editions of good Catholic books, the better.

The parentage of Gundrada⁴ has for long been a problem which has exercised the skill of genealogists and given rise to much discussion. The theory which has hitherto been most generally accepted is that she was the daughter of King William the Conqueror by Queen Matilda. The evidence upon which this theory rests is apparently respectable, being certain documents which are found in the cartulary of the Priory of

² *Gaston de Ségur, a Biography*. Condensed from the French Memoir by the Marquis de Ségur. By F. J. M. A. Partridge. London: Burns and Oates, 1884.

³ *Pius the Ninth and his Times*. By the late John Francis Maguire, M.P. New Edition, revised and brought down to the accession of Pope Leo the Thirteenth, by the Right Rev. Mgr. Patterson. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son, 1885.

⁴ *Gundrada de Warrenne, wife of William de Warrenne*. A Critical Examination of the received stories of her Parentage. By Rob. E. C. Waters, B. A., Exeter, 1884.

Lewes, of which this William de Warrenne and his wife were founders. Mr. Waters maintains that of these documents some are garbled, some are the fabrications of a later age, and that the entire series is untrustworthy; and he shows their inconsistency with the statements contained in a letter written by St. Anselm. The inquiry is pursued with great acumen through this interesting little pamphlet (it consists of no more than 22 pages) which appears satisfactorily to prove the several points which its author seeks to establish.

*Art M'Morrough O'Cavanagh*⁵ is an interesting historical romance of the latter end of the fourteenth century, a period of Ireland's history but little known and little studied. The story is well told, and the interest, as the plot develops, is well sustained. The descriptions are often extremely picturesque and full of beauty, though they are at times somewhat overdrawn. Much of England's unfortunate method of acting towards the native Septs is skilfully interwoven into the narrative; in fact, the plot mainly turns on the ruthless provisions made by Edward the Third in the Statute of Kilkenny. It forbade the adoption of the Irish language, or name or dress by any man of English blood: it enforced within the Pale the exclusive use of English law, and made the use of the native or Brehon law, which was gaining ground, an act of treason; it made treasonable any marriage of the English with persons of the Irish race, or any adoption of English children by Irish foster-fathers. We should like to call attention to one or two points on which we should like further information in a second edition. Surely it is an anachronism for Roger Mortimer, Earl of March, the Heir Apparent to the English throne, about the year of grace 1390 to be talking of the Great Mogul? Is it true that such a dignitary as an Abbot exists in the Dominican Order? And lastly, was it not John, surnamed Lackland (from whom the Barons under the guidance of Cardinal Langton wrested the Great Charter), and not John of Gaunt, who insulted the Irish chieftains?

Father Schouppe has presented us with a very useful Book of Meditations⁶ for the use of the clergy, as well Secular as Regular. The meditations are drawn up on the model of the

⁵ *Art M'Morrough O'Cavanagh, Prince of Leinster.* By M. L. O'Byrne, Author of *The Pale and the Septs*, &c. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son.

⁶ *Meditationes Sacerdotales Clero tum Seculari tum Regulari accommodatæ.* Auctore, F. N. Schouppe, S.J.

Exercises of St. Ignatius, and are exceedingly well developed, owing in no small degree to the author's great acquaintance with Holy Scripture, the Sacred Canons, and the writings of the Fathers. He has not been afraid to draw largely from that great master of the spiritual life, the Venerable Father de Ponte. The feature which strikes us most is the practical nature of the meditations. They are meant for the clergy, and in consequence from the beginning to the end they breathe the spirit which should animate the priesthood. The dangers of the sacred calling, the causes of spiritual ruin, the difficulties which beset the labourer in the Lord's vineyard, the motives which should actuate him to aim at higher degrees of perfection are clearly and skilfully proposed.

Last words have always a special significance, and words from Father de Ravignan⁷ must invariably be listened to with attention and respect. The last retreat he preached before his death is thus invested with a double interest. The size of the volume is in itself a proof that the meditations are not given *in extenso*; they are apparently written from notes, and are therefore more suited to be used as the basis of private meditation than as spiritual reading. It must not be imagined that, because addressed to Carmelite nuns, the meditations are not adapted for persons living in the world, for there is nothing which makes them exclusively applicable to any state of life. The beautiful thoughts and suggestive ideas which distinguish Father de Ravignan's writings appear most strikingly towards the end of the book; the meditation on true Devotion to our Lord is of great practical utility, and from the one entitled Peace on the Cross, the Christian will derive much consolation and encouragement in times of suffering.

We have much pleasure in recommending to our readers Messrs. Gill and Son's *Illustrated Magazine for Young People*.⁸ The want of something of the kind has long been felt in many a Catholic school and household, and resort has been had to Protestant magazines which, however good of their kind, are not suited to Catholic boys or girls, decorated as they often were with portraits of prominent Protestant clergymen, and

⁷ Ravignan's *Last Retreat, given to the Carmelite Nuns of the Monastery, Rue de Messine, Paris, 1857*. Translated from the French by F. M'Donagh Mahony. Burns and Oates, 1885.

⁸ *Gill's Illustrated Magazine for Young People*. A Journal of Good and Pleasant Reading. Issued in weekly (1d.) numbers and monthly parts. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son.

depicting as heroes the agents of Protestant missionary societies. Messrs. Gill have supplied this want, and have supplied it well. Their magazine, which is now three months old, contains varied, interesting, and useful matter, neatly illustrated, and intermingled with conundrums and jokes which will make it still more attractive. We do not know whether it has yet obtained the circulation it deserves, but it has only to be known, to become a welcome friend in colleges, convent schools, private families, and all other places where Catholic boys and girls are to be found.

Every one has heard of Don Bosco⁹ and of his wonderful power to obtain favours and graces from Almighty God, and of the miraculous way in which the orphanages he has founded are supported by alms which flow in unasked from every side. We have already published in *THE MONTH* an account from Lady Herbert's accomplished pen of this remarkable man. We are now glad to recommend to our readers a little book lately published by Messrs. Gill and Son, and gathered chiefly from the narrative of Dr. D'Espinez, by Mrs. Raymond Barker. It contains a series of most extraordinary and most edifying stories, which show that Don Bosco has power not only with man, but with Almighty God Himself. Of course, his work has cost him personal suffering and disappointments without end, but this is the way of the saints, and Don Bosco seems likely to prove a saint, if we may judge from all that is related of him.

The performances at the Birmingham Oratory of the plays of Terence¹⁰ and Plautus adapted by his Eminence Cardinal Newman for representation on the modern stage have been eminently successful from the very first. Those who have witnessed the recent performance of the *Aulularia* will have pleasant memories recalled by Father Bellasis' graphic and pleasant account of the play, and those who were not present will read it with interest, as the humorous vein which enters into his analysis of the plot receives additional life from the admirable sketches of the different characters which accompany it and the remarks on the various actors. It is written in a thoroughly Plautine vein, and as all quotations are translated, it can be appreciated even by those who are not ripe Latin scholars.

⁹ *Don Bosco and his Work.* From the narrative of Dr. D'Espinez, by Mrs. Raymond Barker. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son.

¹⁰ *The Money Jar of Plautus at the Oratory School.* An account of the recent representation. By Edward Bellasis. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.

II.—MAGAZINES.

The January number of the *Stimmen aus Maria-Laach* deals with some difficult questions. Father Lehmkuhl, in the opening article, explains the precepts of the Church in regard to usury and interest, as connected with the great social problem of capital and labour. Some persons assert that the Church, who has pronounced the taking of usury to be unlawful, by allowing those who own her sway to take interest, now tolerates and even sanctions what she formerly condemned. But usury, as prohibited, is taking interest, without outlay, risk, or labour of the lender, on money which would otherwise be unemployed. To permit the lender to demand a moderate interest, the equivalent of the profit his money would bring in if laid out in a different manner, is no unworthy departure from her immutable principles of justice and morality, but an adaptation of those principles to altered circumstances and the exigencies of the day. A new theory of the origin of species is discussed by Father Jürgens. It asserts that in the clear, jelly-like substance which is the material point at which all life starts, there is a minute particle to which the name of *idioplasm* is given; and this, by the mechanical motion and different arrangement of the molecules composing it, determines the nature of the organism to be evolved therefrom. This attempt to elucidate the origin of the structural differences of organic life, says Father Jürgens, is, however, without scientific value, since its propounder goes on the hypothesis that the protoplasm is a mere albumenatic mass, whereas recent discoveries show it to be a tissue of the finest, most delicate meshes. Many are the pamphlets and essays which have appeared in Germany during the last four years on the subject of the unhappy Queen of Scots. The whole of this *Stuart literature*, as Father Dreves collectively terms these recent publications—some of which represent her as a martyr, others as a murderess—fails to substantiate her guilt, or conclusively prove her innocence as to the main point at issue: whether she was a confederate in Darnley's murder, and willingly consented to marry Bothwell. The evidence on both sides is glanced at, but the question is not argued in the pages of the *Stimmen*. Father Kreiten continues his critique of

Molière's life and writings, and Father Baumgartner, in his usual entertaining style, gives an account of his expedition to Mount Hecla, and a description of the far-famed Geyser.

The comparative science of religion—the last-born of modern sciences, which owes its existence in a great measure to Professor Max Müller, by whom the sacred books of the Aryans have been made accessible to the student—forms the subject of an essay, the first instalment of which appears in the *Katholik* for December. The object of the writer is to expose some of the principal errors into which Hartmann has fallen in his endeavour to trace to their origin the religious beliefs of mankind; he starts with the false hypothesis that the history of religious consciousness is one of gradual progress and development, the elements of it being found not only in the lowest scale of humanity, but even in the brute creation; and in the fetish-worship of the savage he sees not a corruption of and falling away from a purer and higher worship, but an ignorant identification of natural objects with a vaguely-conceived Deity. Dr. Stöckl answers the objections made in the last number of the *Katholik* to his view of Aristotle's teaching. The social condition of Italy forms the subject of another article. Social reformers, in their zeal for the removal of real or imaginary abuses, think it necessary to subvert the existing order of things and reorganize society on modern principles. Italy has broken with the past, and she now affords a lamentable proof that Liberalism is the root whence spring the evils it pretends to combat. Where is the material prosperity and intellectual progress promised to her? *Stava meglio quando stava peggio* is in every one's mouth: excessive taxation, an enormous national debt, a vast increase of crime, discontent, misery, emigration, is the product of the policy of the last fourteen years in Italy.

The *Civiltà Cattolica* (No. 829) draws a gloomy picture of the state of society. Never, it says, has a departing year been known to bequeath to its successor so unenviable an inheritance as that left by 1884; never in the annals of history has such universal subversion of moral, intellectual, and social order been recorded. The canker is said to be eating to the heart of every European State, but it must be acknowledged that nowhere is the wound so grievous, the corruption so deep-seated, as in Italy. The *Civiltà* points to the attitude of the Holy See as a source of encouragement and consolation, the undaunted firmness of the Head of the Church giving assurance of the ultimate, if not

imminent triumph of the faith. The appearance of a book purporting to be written by a Catholic in defence of the Jews, calls into utterance the anti-Semitic feelings of the *Civiltà*. Investigation into the origin of secret anti-Christian societies—the mystery of iniquity which since the times of the Apostles has waged untiring warfare against Christianity—proves them to have begun with the Jews, and to be still encouraged and aided in their deadly mission by the Jews. In support of this assertion examination is made of the special characteristics of the Hebrew nation, which, scattered as it is among all peoples, continues to be essentially a race apart. Much has been said of late of the lamentable deterioration of the Italian drama, owing to the general moral and intellectual decadence of the country; there are, however, some dramatists of merit, and the works of two of these are reviewed in the *Civiltà* (No. 830). Attention is also drawn to the fact that whereas in Europe wherever the poison of Freemasonic principles have spread, the Jesuits are looked upon as the sworn foes of culture and progress, a very different testimony is given in America (which to the Freemason is the ideal land of enlightenment and liberty) by the Congress of Washington, where non-Catholic senators spoke of the great spiritual and temporal benefits arising from the labours of their missionaries for the civilization and pacification of the hostile Indians.

The *Riforme Sociale*, directed by M. Edmond Demolins, has an important mission in striving to counteract the revolutionary principles of the day, and showing that Christianity alone can satisfactorily adjust the conflicting claims of employer and employed, and establish the rights of both on a solid basis. The example of the peasant proprietors of a portion of Schleswig-Holstein, whose industry, thrift, and economy enable them to live in comparative ease, is given as a model for imitation; and the establishment of savings' banks is strongly advocated to ensure agricultural labourers from the distress which disastrous seasons so often bring upon them.

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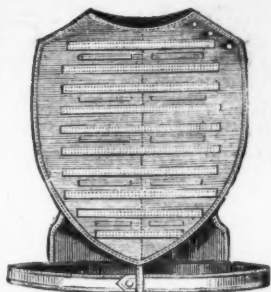
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